JOHN BULL, week ending May 20, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1979

3d. WEEKLY THURSDAY

GIVE EVE A BREAK by the EDITOR

WHAT INVASION MEANS TO ME

EUROPE'S FATEFUL HOUR by A.E.C.

Fresh and Beautiful

Deep-cleansing lather—that gives you personal freshness

Superior mildness—that guards the complexion★

★There's a special ingredient in Lifebuoy Toilet Soap that makes it extra mild and gentle in action

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet—1 coupon

LBT 60-1-660-GB

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Please don't forget the stoppers when you return Bulmer empties!

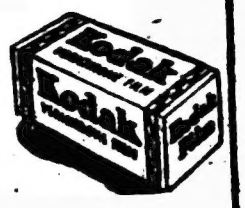
Bulmer's stoppers are made of precious rubber. Once lost they cannot be renewed. So please be *extra* careful to see that, when empty, Bulmer's Cider bottles are returned to your dealer with the stoppers *screwed tightly in place*. Besides conserving vital stocks of rubber, you will be helping us to maintain your supplies of Bulmers.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

KODAK FILM
is in the skies
taking "spy pictures" from
nearly six miles up

Armed with huge precision cameras, our reconnaissance planes streak across enemy skies. They take their pictures from miles up, at hundreds of miles an hour—yet the pictures they take must show every important detail. 'Kodak' Film helps to provide the answer. If you have difficulty in getting 'Kodak' Film please remember the demands of vital war work must come first.



Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. F.154

Walk in Freedom

Portland Shoes, with their cleverly concealed extra width, allow greater freedom of foot movement, relieve the strain of standing, and assure you of regular foot comfort.

Portland
STYLE · COMFORT
SHOES

T. ROBERTS & SONS LTD.,
PORTLAND SHOE WORKS, LEICESTER

FOOD FACTS

What's for "AFTERS"?

What's for "afters"? How often the family ask that question — sometimes before the meal is even begun. Puddings mean a lot to the younger members of the family. To think up a new pudding every day of the week isn't easy, but the double ration of jam is going to be a big help. What could be nicer or more nourishing than a steamed pudding dripping with plum jam, a jam omelette, or a plate of plain boiled rice served with a big spoonful of peach jam and the top of the milk? Other ideas for jam puddings are given below.

STEAMED FRUIT PUDDING

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour, 2 oz. fat, pinch of salt, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, water to mix, 1 lb. rhubarb or other fruit, 3 level tablespoonfuls of jam. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Rub fat into the flour mixed with salt and baking powder. Add enough water to mix to a stiff dough. Roll out ¾ of this and line a greased basin with it. Put half the prepared fruit in the basin; then half the jam, the remaining fruit, and then the rest of the jam. Roll out the remaining pastry to make a lid. Wet the edges of the pastry lining the basin. Attach the lid of pastry. Steam the pudding for 1½ hours. Serve with custard.

PEACH JUNKET

Ingredients: 6 level tablespoons Household Milk, ¾ pint warm water, 2 heaped teaspoons peach jam, rennet 1½ times the usual quantity. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Put a heaped teaspoon of jam into 4 small dishes or cups. Reconstitute the milk with water and heat till warm to the touch, add the rennet to the milk, stir and pour at once into the dishes. This junket can of course be made with fresh milk (¾ pint) using the usual quantity of rennet.

The Radio Doctor says:—"Let the others of children be fillers plus something else. For preference milk pudding, custard and fruit — whether dried or stewed — sponge pudding, and when it's going, fresh fruit."

PRESERVES AND SUGAR COUPONS You now have six coupons every four weeks to buy either preserves or sugar. They are the four sugar coupons and the two coupons marked P and R, both of which are in the sugar section of coupons. Each of these six coupons is worth either 1 lb. preserves or ½ lb. sugar. This means that you can buy as much as 6 lbs. preserves OR as much as 3 lbs. sugar. But as you will probably want fresh preserves and sugar, remember that you use one coupon for every 1 lb. of jam, and two coupons for every 1 lb. of sugar.

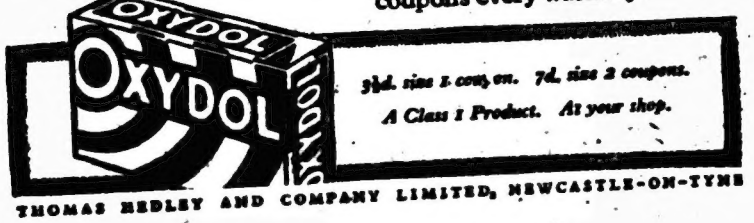
Listen to the Kitchen Front Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 201

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO
AND MEND
WASHDAY WISDOM!

Oxydol's Busy Bubbles safely deliver to your ironing-board spanking clean clothes that have been washed easily and gently, without hard rubbing and scrubbing. Yes, the Oxydol way is the right way to wash clothes if you want them to last longer, because with Oxydol, there is no washtub wear and tear. Oxydol saves clothes coupons every washday.



3½d. size 1 coupon. 7d. size 2 coupons.
A Class 1 Product. At your shop.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Do your teeth add to your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

7½d. and 1/3 Inc. Tax

Pepsodent Tooth Paste
1/3 and 2/2 Inc. Tax

Partial Eclipse

We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations; to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

This is the correct price to pay for our Medium-Sweet or Dry Flagon Cyder.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 20, 1944.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

CREEPING BARRAGE

BY far the heaviest concentration of bombs continues to fall on the French and Belgian border country—on such war-familiar towns as Mons and Calais, Arras and Dunkirk, Bethune and Namur.

Does this delineate the shape of things to come?

Mystery

The enemy can draw his own conclusions. They will not necessarily be the right ones. Where as well as When are secrets not yet divulged even to some of our leading commanders, and are certainly unknown to Rommel or your cocksure neighbour in the train.

In the last week, however, a fact has emerged that will greatly influence coming operations.

Advance and Retreat

Whether or not "D" Day has been postponed, the creeping barrage of bombs is driving back the enemy defences.

We have deprived the *Luftwaffe* of its airfields within nearly a hundred miles of the coast.

If You Can

Soldiers will appreciate the significance of this development. Their way is also being prepared by equipment assembled in such vast masses as to be almost fantastic.

"The first year, nothing; the second year, a trickle; the third year, quite a lot: the fourth year, all you want," Mr. Churchill once said of war production.

Well, this is our fifth year—and the fourth year of the greatest manufacturing country in the world.

Our troops will get "all they want."

All They Want

These preparations represent the greatest effort ever made by Britain and the U.S.A. Thus, the Americans alone are using 125 different types of vehicles.

Undoubtedly the same ingenuity has been displayed in the matter of secret weapons.

Unknown Factors

General Dittmar therefore warns his German listeners that: "It will be an action unparalleled in the history of wars. There will be far more unknown factors than in any text-book actions."

We should be foolish to expect all the surprises to be on one side. The enemy, too, has been busy.

Those Glider Bombs

Presumably the "glider bomb" bases have been persistently hammered by the Allied Air Forces. But it is known that such installations can usually be repaired quickly.

There is no longer any tendency in the Press to rate the German rocket gun as a serious menace. U-boats, though routed in the Atlantic, may prove a nuisance in narrow waters. And the enemy may be keeping something up his sleeve.

In Rebellion ?

One unknown factor will certainly be the behaviour of non-German troops impressed or enticed into Nazi service. Already an armed revolt by the Russian legions in France has been reported.

This may explain why Rundstedt is said to be higher in Hitler's favour than Rommel. For Rundstedt argues that all "doubtful elements" must be purged before the Allies land.

Which, in turn, is a strong reason for the Allies to despatch adequate arms and air support to guerilla forces already fighting for the cause of freedom.

Russia is Ready

In Russia, great armies and *new* armies are making preparations for the final and fiercest offensive, and before them in Poland stretches a country ideal for tanks.

But if anyone supposes that the last phase will be easy he should read how savagely the Germans fought to the last pillbox in Sebastopol.

Open to Attack

By the capture of that historic base Rumania is now open to attack by sea as well as by land and air.

The Allies are determined that she shall soon be squeezed out of the war, and as their bombs have reduced the Ploesti oil output by three-quarters Hitler would be foolish to "protect" her to the last gasp.

Moving In

Moreover, the enemy is kept busy by big operations in Italy, where two-score and more of his divisions are engaged. He must also look right and left of Italy; Southern France and Albania now appear in his reports of Allied activity.

Indeed, his flanks are hideously exposed. He may push Tito back in some areas but he cannot kill him; nor has he naval strength to oppose any new amphibious operations in the Mediterranean.

● *JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.*

● **Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Three to One

His only powerful ally, though driving on in China, is tasting the aloes of defeat in Assam. Half the Japanese force at Kohima was lost in less than a week of our counter-offensive; for every Briton who fell, three Japanese were slain.

True, some people are disappointed with our campaign in Burma, now nearing its end. But, as JOHN BULL pointed out months ago, there can be no sustained and massive attack in the East until shipping can be released from the West.

Counter Blow ?

Here again we should reckon with the possibilities of unpleasant surprise.

Will the Japanese attempt to attack while we are fighting on the Western Front?

The answer may be expressed by another question: Why not? The Japanese are not anxious to pull Nazi chestnuts from a white-hot fire, but they must be quite anxious to prolong their own existence.

Peace Terms

On one point there is no uncertainty: Unconditional Surrender is the price that both Germany and Japan must pay for peace.

Though the day may be distant when the Chief of the German Staff will hand his sword to General Eisenhower, the Axis lackeys should soon be seeking a less ignominious exit from the battlefield.

And they will find it.

Attracting Them

As JOHN BULL advised, the United Nations have now agreed on terms that would make it worth the while of Hitler's satellites to desert him.

They will not be lenient terms. But they will be just and attractive to countries whose only hope will be the world's mercy.

Getting Tough

Then there is the position of the neutrals to consider. Spain shows some sign of belated realism; it would be unrealistic if we allowed Portugal and Turkey to lengthen the war.

Fortunately, our Foreign Office has begun to display some firmness in diplomatic affairs; nothing but good can result.

New League

Indeed, London can report a good deal of progress on some subjects. Conferences with the Dominion Premiers have produced agreement on more than the immediate issues of the war.

A rough draft for a new League of Nations has been prepared. Currency problems have been discussed. The next stage—and the most important one—is to consult others of the United Nations.

Golden Millstone

Wisely, the House of Commons has given a cool reception to the proposed Anglo-American currency pact. For, important though Anglo-American agreement would be, it could not by itself cure the world's economic ills.

The Commons Debate inspired one assurance that should be welcomed by all who remember the bitter days of the Great Slump—Britain will not in future be tied irrevocably to the Gold Standard.

Inventions

Mr. Herbert Morrison, too, has taken a further step into the boggy field of international economics. He says, and rightly, that the public is uneasy at the suppression of useful inventions by the big trusts who jealously mean to maintain their profits.

But his words suggest that he has little confidence in the international agreements of the future—agreements that should sweep away all hindrances to the common good.

Slow Progress ?

Now, Mr. Morrison is a member of the Cabinet. He must therefore know just what are the prospects of beginning a "Century of the Common Man."

Does he feel that the prospects are poor? Or is he hinting that his colleagues are not active enough in trying to translate hopes into actualities?

Still Waiting

He might have added that the public is uneasy about many things. For example, it will not be heartened even if the Government's White Paper on Social Security appears in the next week or two.

The public remembers that the Beveridge Report was debated in Parliament so long ago as February, 1943. And attempts to whittle down that Report during the intervening fifteen months have not exactly persuaded the ordinary man and woman that the Government is straining to build a Better Britain for the many instead of the few.

(Continued overleaf)

W.S.G.

● **To the placid gentry of Whitehall those initials stand for War Service Grants. But to some families of the men who have gone to war, they just don't make sense.**

The Grants scheme is an admirable one. Unfortunately, it is not always operated sympathetically, and JOHN BULL hopes that the new increases in Service allowances will not result in further W.S.G. reductions.

Let us give one example of those reductions.

A soldier was granted a W.S.G. of £1 a week, paid to his wife. One of his four children left school at the age of fourteen and found a job. The W.S.G. was promptly cut by 14s. a week.

The Army welfare officer was asked to make inquiries. He was told: "The loss to Mrs. A. was 7s. 6d. (child allowance) and 14s. grant, totalling 21s. 6d., but the gain was the daughter's wages of 23s. 8d. a week."

No explanation of the 14s. cut was given. And a later letter said that the child was treated as a contributor to the household of 2s. 6d. a week—which seemed to conflict with the first statement that she was held to be contributing 23s. 8d. to the family exchequer.

Eventually the mother, unable to balance her budget, had to get a job—and then the W.S.G. was stopped entirely.

Now, to most Servicemen such intricate calculations are puzzling. And, in the expressive Service slang, W.S.G. is apt to be described as N.B.G.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

AGRICULTURE is another case in point. Tired of waiting for Whitehall to speak, farmers, workers and landlords have combined to send their own agricultural policy to Mr. Hudson.

But Mr. Hudson can do nothing about it until the Cabinet implements the Hot Springs decisions. And the Hot Springs Conference took place just a year ago.

Houses Wanted

Again, Mr. Churchill hopes that "several hundred thousand of our young women will marry several hundred thousand of our young men and make their own four years' plan."

Quite. But they won't have homes to live in unless there is an agreed plan for new towns, the location of post-war industry, agriculture, transport, and so on. Which means that, after several years of delay, the Cabinet will have to blow the dust off the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports.

Men in Blouses

London clothing designers are also thinking about after-the-war. And they expect that men, having got used to battledress, will favour a "blousy effect."

Perhaps the returning troops will also favour Nissen huts, N.A.A.F.I. cakes and potato-peeling to remind them of the dear old war days.

Perhaps. . . .

It All Helps

Meanwhile, the authorities are devoting all their energy to "bringing this war to a successful conclusion" (their own words).

That's why a man has just been fined for "wriggling" on his cycle at a traffic signal instead of coming to a dead stop . . . why an American soldier has been stopped for "coasting" too fast on his cycle on a lonely country road . . . and why people are being fined for not signing their identity cards.

Poisoned Officers

But it might also help the war if the authorities prevented young officers, who will be needed for the Second Front, from being poisoned by the "hooch" sold in some so-called night clubs.

In the last war restaurants and clubs that exploited Servicemen were placed "out of bounds." It's still quite a good idea.

Praise For—

The Director-General of Manpower at the Ministry of Labour, Sir Godfrey Ince, spoke at the Southport conference of his Ministry's Staff Association last week.

His speech was not very well reported in the papers. It was largely praise for the way in which the regional offices had tackled the colossal problems of mobilisation.

—A Big Job

We so often criticise the red tape and muddle-headedness of individuals in the M. of L. that it's only fair to quote one sentence from Sir Godfrey's statement: *"I believe that our Ministry has done a wonderful job of work and that when the history of this war comes to be written it will be recorded that we made an outstanding contribution to the national effort without which victory would not have been possible."*

That's a civil servant's trite way of talking, but the idea is right.

Rich Fare

There's a common grievance among the troops—overcharging for food. Corporal Wheeler and two other soldiers had to wait for a train at Waterloo the other evening, and they went into a café just outside the station for some supper. For two sausages and about a dozen chips they were charged 2s. 6d.

Took Some Off

When they complained, and the local food office was mentioned, something was immediately taken off the bill.

"We've given up all our civilian rights to fight for our country," says Corporal Wheeler, "is it too much to ask in return that civilians stop and think before making us their means of exorbitant profits?"

Getting On

By the way, have you noticed Dr. Goebbels' change of tune? He no longer describes us as the "uncultured and degenerate British."

Perhaps he's read that war has given an impetus to our culture. Thus, the Shakespeare season at Stratford-on-Avon is drawing packed houses; the Royal Academy in London is not only attracting record crowds at a shilling a time, but has sold more pictures than for years past.

So Dr. Goebbels now regards us as "virile." Eventually, no doubt, he will discover that we feed on raw meat and volumes of Milton, and carry a tommy-gun in one hand and a paint brush in the other.

Not So Strict

The Italian prisoners in this country have never had much cause to grumble. It's good news that those among them who are willing to help the Allies are to have still greater freedom. Not that we've been as strict as we might have been in the past. Italian prisoners recently scattered leaflets from a train when they were passing through the West Country.

Poor Propaganda

These leaflets, crudely printed on slips of paper, said: "In Fascism is the safety of the Europe's economy" and "O.K., Mosley."

Each was decorated with a Fascist symbol. Where did the prisoners get the paper and the printing materials for their pathetic propaganda?

Handcuffed?

In contrast, a reader points out that he and many of his friends object very strongly to the way British prisoners are treated.

He says that soldiers awaiting escort are often taken through the streets of Sheffield in handcuffs and that they are even taken on the tramcars.

Lucky Beasts

A JOHN BULL man met two Government inspectors touring Scotland the other day. They were surveying the living conditions of Scottish cows and preparing duplicate reports for the Departments of Agriculture and Health.

The aim is to provide "ideal homes for cows."

Unlucky Master

After talking with the inspectors, our correspondent saw a farm worker who was on his daily three-miles trip to draw water. He lived in an eighty-year-old shack.

Except for a slate roof in place of the original thatch, his home had had no repairs since it was put up.

Keeping At It

These Government officials get about a bit. Mr. Kidd, a Bridlington draper, was visited by a man from the Board of Trade who wanted to know how many sheets, blankets, quilts and pillow-cases he had had in the last quarter. Soon after, a young woman from the Board of Trade drove up in her car to find out how many mattresses he'd had.

The two visits were followed by a 'phone call from the Town Clerk. "It's the Board of Trade," he said. "They want to know what the position is in Bridlington about mattresses."

On the Bottle

Last week, in reporting that the Ministry of Food officials in Belfast had stopped egg and fruit auctions for charity we hinted that they were perhaps a bit too keen on the rules.

We apologise. It now seems they are not keen enough. Because some shopkeepers in Belfast are beating the price control on pickles by charging 2d. on the bottle. That's legal enough—if the 2d. is refunded. But it never has been, according to one of our readers.

"Public Interest"

Among the many allegations of profiteering by taxi drivers, several have been specially directed against cabmen in Slough.

The Mayor was asked at the last monthly meeting of Slough Borough Council why the Council had not received the report on the subject which they had been promised. The answer was that it would not be in the public interest to make a statement.

It would be very much in the public interest to know why not.

Bevin's Men

Isn't it about time the label "Bevin Boy" was dropped? Apart from a few cases the youths have faced their new jobs like men.

And, as a Bromley wife tells us, some of them are already husbands and fathers. This woman, who is expecting a baby, has to manage on an allowance of 24s. 6d. a week. And her attempts to get help have so far been answered with the formula: "We can only help the wives of men in the Forces."

HONOURED

Lance-Corporal Grace Golland, A.T.S., is typical of her service. But she's been picked out for a special honour—the award of the British Empire Medal. One night last January, Grace and five other A.T.S. were working at their instruments, tracking down German raiders attacking London. Fire bombs blazed round the post, but Grace carried on. Only 18 months ago she was in a job that was far from warlike—she was a shop assistant. They're pretty versatile in the A.T.S.

Excuses Again

Will the Minister of Pensions please start to carry out the terms of the Royal Warrant? Will he please grant pension supplementation of 10s. a week to every man in receipt of a pension "in respect of disablement so serious as to make him unemployable"?

At present, Ministry officials seem intent on finding excuses for withholding the supplementation.

Rights—And Wrongs

The Ministry has a right to reject an application if the condition about being unemployable is not satisfied. But, as we've pointed out before, it has no right to do so on the grounds that a man is not PERMANENTLY unemployable or that his condition is likely to improve.

Transport Problems

"In writing about the Strike Order dispute last week," writes Hannen Swaffer, "I used, carelessly, a phrase that unfairly suggested that the Transport and General Workers' Union was partly to blame in the 'bus dispute.

"Long spreadovers, it seems, cannot always be avoided in the event of the Traffic Commissioners ordering the cutting out of services between particular periods of time. Besides, the ability of anyone now arranging acceptable services is conditioned by the very definite shortage of personnel to operate the services."

Last Payment

Even if we have to end on a funereal note we must register approval of the attitude of Archdeacon H. L. Fosbrooke. On a visit to Blackpool he described as "perfectly scandalous" the conduct of a clergyman who had charged £16 14s. 6d. for the funeral of a six-months-old child.

Unfortunately, he had to admit that neither the bishop nor any other Church authority had the power to stop it.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Recent spate of German counter-invasion threats is regarded by authorities as 75 per cent. propaganda.**
- *Germans have certainly been experimenting with pilotless bombers, rocket guns, and so on. But British air chiefs are not impressed with Nazi boosting of airborne troops.*
- Britain has not agreed to Roosevelt's plan for dealing with France after liberation—we thought it too kind to Pétain.
- **Von Rundstedt will have to cope with a second French guerilla army, besides the famous Maquis in the Haute Savoy mountains. It's just been formed, and large German S.S. Black Guard detachments have been drawn into France to meet its threat.**
- *Diekhoff, German Ambassador in Madrid, is expected to be recalled from his post. Heberlein, an outright Nazi and Gestapo general, may succeed him.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

GIVE EVE A BREAK

NO country at war has been more splendidly helped by its women than our own.

They have answered successive demands ungrudgingly. They have rallied to every appeal. And, earning the admiration of our Allies, they have also compelled the respect of our enemies.

But we are asking too much of their loyalty and devotion. We are putting too heavy a tax upon their strength and endurance.

And JOHN BULL appeals to the Government to *STOP* the overworking of our womenfolk.

There is no time to lose, for thousands of women war workers are already suffering from strain and fatigue.

The Industrial Health Board has pointed out that absenteeism in many factories amounts to anything from 8 to 20 per cent. of the women's working time, and that the percentage rises whenever they are expected to work more than 55 hours a week.

Such figures reveal a scandal as well as a tragedy. To drive any worker too hard is an economic blunder as well as a social crime.

For it is impossible to get permanently increased production from tired hands. Even the Gestapo cannot do that. It tried to tax the tough German miner beyond his strength, and failed in the attempt.

Just as our authorities will certainly defeat their own object if they do not lighten the burden of our women's toil.

This real danger to the national war effort was emphasised the other day by speaker after speaker at the Women's Engineering Conference in Leicester.

They said that production was being "*crippled*" by strain and fatigue. JOHN BULL has received letters from women workers in other industries to the same effect.

Apart from the production aspect of this problem, however, it is essential to consider the general effect of overwork upon the health of our wives, sisters and daughters.

And especially upon that of expectant mothers.

It is a disgrace to the country that any woman should be required to work either too long before or too soon after the birth of her baby.

We gave our emphatic support to the recent campaign in Parliament for more humane—and more reasonable—treatment of pregnant women.

And to-day JOHN BULL does not beg—it *demands*—that such women should be given all the rest which doctors advise, together with financial assistance, before and after confinement.

At the Women's Engineering Conference delegates described as "a shocking scandal" the undeniable fact that expectant mothers are being kept at work in factories until a week or two before their babies are born.

Mr. Joe Scott, a London member of the executive, warned the Government that even the most devoted women in the country will not be patient much longer unless this wrong is redressed.

And that, failing its redress, we shall run the risk of ruining the health of many mothers and undermining the physique of the next generation.

The Conference unanimously called upon the leaders of the Labour Party and the T.U.C. to press the Government with all their force to relieve pregnant women from work for at least a month before and another month after confinement, and to give them a substantial grant during this period.

That is surely the bare minimum of justice due not only to the individual woman worker but to the womanhood of the race. And surely members of every Party will agree that British women should not be worse treated than their Russian sisters.

On the broader question—that of the work we expect all women and girls within certain age limits and subject to certain very limited exceptions to undertake—we had better face the fact that tens of thousands of women are working considerably more than 55 hours a week at the present moment.

True, there are factories with real, if temporary, surplus of workers. There are offices in which some women kill time by knitting and gossip.

But that is merely a minor question of the allocation of labour; not of its national utilisation.

Moreover, it is not possible wholly to avoid occasional and local "overlapping." Slack periods are bound to happen here and there with changes of design or local shortage of a given supply.

What it is imperative to avoid is the systematic and continuous strain imposed by long hours.

This strain is all too common.

And, of course, the average woman's work does not finish with her factory or office duties.

There are now more than two and a half million married women "mobilised" for the war effort; and most of them, after a long day at the lathe or the desk, go home tired out to *begin* their household duties.

That is not all: later on they may have to carry sandbags, or attend fire-guard practice, or turn out as wardens, or play their gallant part in voluntary service.

It should be remembered, too, that thousands of "middle-class" homes have been deprived of all domestic help; that Mr. Bevin admits his growing concern at the shortage of domestic servants and is seeking means to relieve the distress which this occasions; and that the tremendous cumulative burden of billeting and rationed-shopping falls almost exclusively upon women's shoulders.

Suggestions have been put forward by many trade union movements that the undue war strain upon the women of the country could be greatly relieved by the appointment of more welfare officers in every factory, the provision of rather more generous "time off" for shopping other than on Saturday afternoon, and by improved cloakroom and sanitation facilities.

We approve all these suggestions for what they are worth, and, in total effect, they must be worth a good deal.

But the principle underlying this big national problem goes deeper than any local reform or particular adjustment of working conditions.

No woman worker in Britain should be asked to do more than 55 hours a week except in the most exceptional circumstances, and then only for a strictly limited period.

We insist upon the right of expectant mothers to have their babies in complete freedom from physical toil and financial anxiety.

AND we are certain that our country would not lose, but gain, by a more considerate treatment of its women workers in every way.

Our colossal output would not fall if the strain upon women were relaxed; it would, on the contrary, almost certainly increase.

Above all, we must as a people pay due regard to the children who are being born into this troubled world while the war still rages.

Statesmen declare that babies are the priceless assets of the nation. They put parenthood before us not only as the privilege but as the duty of the good citizen.

And millions of our men in uniform, fighting as we are told for "freedom," rate the freedom and the safety and the health of their own wives and families far more highly than their own lives, more sacredly than any flag.

This is "total war," but if we should sacrifice British womanhood unnecessarily in order to win it, victory itself will not be worth the price.

Soldiers Have a Right to Think

General Stone

MILITARY authorities have had a shock. And it is severe enough to make every thoughtful person jerk to attention.

It began in Cairo. A group of British soldiers there thought it would be a good idea to hold a "Forces Parliament."

The idea was better than they knew, as its popularity soon proved. Between five and six hundred men flocked to the meetings to gain an insight into the workings of the parliamentary system and to discuss current affairs.

Eventually they decided to hold a mock "general election." The result was a win for Labour, with Common Wealth as the second strongest Party.

Then the trouble began. Because Dr. Goebbels pretended the "election" meant that the British Army was on the verge of mutiny, the military authorities intervened.

General Stone, commanding our Forces in Egypt, sent representatives to discuss the matter. The Forces Parliament was dissolved; it was succeeded by a Forces Forum, to which civilians would not be admitted and which would be attended by the Area Education Officer, who presumably would keep the proceedings "under control."

Well, the Forum held its first meeting last week. It was a fiasco.

Apart from the military representatives, only two people turned up—a soldier and an A.T.S. girl.

Clearly, the troops were suspicious of the change.

All of which suggests that, after the war, large sections of the electorate will not be so docile as they were after the last war.

They will be more critical of Authority—whether represented by vested interests or political wirepullers. They will be better informed. They will be able to form their own judgments.

Dr. Yeaxlee, secretary of the Central Advisory Council for Adult Education in the Forces, agrees with this forecast.

★ ★ ★

"There is a new political consciousness, quickened by knowledge so greatly lacking before," he says of young Service people.

"Scores of thousands of young adults who have never cast a vote have now begun to realise that if the mass of the people take no interest and no action they consent to the rule of the minority."

Even more emphatic was a major who had taken part in all the Middle East battles when he discussed the question with me.

"We've taught these men to fight with guns," he said crisply. "But we've also taught them to think. . . .

★ ★ ★

"They just won't be kidded by politicians' promises. You know, it's easy to sneer at developments such as the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, but they have made many men think about problems that the last war soldier never knew existed.

"Besides, the Serviceman of to-day often gets newspapers even on the battlefield. There's the B.B.C., too. He just can't avoid hearing or reading about questions on which his future may depend.

"No, I don't think he'll be so glad to get out of this war that he'll lean back and take things easy. . . ."

I think that major is right. The Army may prevent the soldier from discussing politics in the way he would prefer to do, but it cannot stop him from thinking, and even encourages him to do so.

J. E. T.

Pokryshkin—59 'planes destroyed!

Major ALEXANDER POKRYSHKIN,
Red Army Air Force

DEAR MAJOR,—In this country our admiration for the Red Army is so deep and ungrudging that we are inclined to pass over the magnificent work of the Red Air Force.

Only when we read of individual exploits such as yours do we realise that Russian pilots, like Russian soldiers, come out of the top drawer.

You were twenty-eight when Hitler invaded your country—comparatively old as flying ages go.

To-day your record is one of 500 air battles, 59 Nazi 'planes destroyed, and you have been shot down three times.

Your worth has been readily recognised. To-day you command a regiment of the Soviet Air Force, and around you are other pilots who have proved their mettle against the Germans.

The Red Air Force, since the war with Hitler began nearly three years ago, has destroyed tens of thousands of enemy 'planes. The fighters sent from here and from America—about 15,000 of them—were turned to good account when the battle for air supremacy was at its peak.

The way the Red Air Force roamed at will the smoke-filled skies over doomed Sebastopol was proof of the supremacy now established.

The journey ahead is still a tough one. Good hunting.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. WILLIAM ARTHUR WATKINS,
Central Park Road, East Ham

DEAR SIR,—When selfishness and greed are too pronounced and dominant it is refreshing to read of your generous action in withdrawing your claim for possession of a bungalow you own.

You took this course when you learned that the tenant whom you wished to dispossess was a man with four young children.

The judge commended your action.

So do I.

There are many people who would have pressed their claim, especially when a baby is expected, as your wife is expecting one.

As the war drags on the fine gestures of generous devotion and sacrifice become fewer. Men and women are on the look-out for anything they can get "on the side."

One hears less of that neighbourly spirit which was so evident after Dunkirk and during the blitz.

That it is still alive is proved by acts like yours.

The golden rule "Do unto others . . ." is still golden. And if it were observed more in everyday life we would be a happier nation.—JOHN BULL.

Lord MACMILLAN,
Moon Hall, Ewhurst, Surrey

MY LORD,—No one welcomes more gladly than I the announcement that you are to be chairman of a committee set up by the Prime Minister to investigate the theft of works of art, monuments and archives by enemy governments and individuals.

It has been known for years that the leading Nazis have been plundering the museums and art galleries of Europe.

Treasures of historic interest, irreplaceable paintings, sculptures, libraries and antiques worth many millions of pounds have gone to Germany or have been sent to neutral countries, where they represent real assets for Nazis who hope to cash in on them when the end comes.

It will be your job, and also the job of other similar committees set up by Allied governments, to see that not a single one of these treasures remains in German hands.

Every bit of loot that has been pillaged must be returned to its rightful owners. Knowing the cunning of the Nazis, I can appreciate that some of your work is going to be difficult.

They'll try to cheat you all along the line just as they have cheated and bullied the world ever since they came to power.

I feel that this time all their cunning will be in vain. I hope you feel the same.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN CURTIN,
Australian Premier

DEAR MR. CURTIN,—When London conferred on you the honour of Freeman of the City, London honoured a great man.

I'm a conservative sort of fellow and not given as a rule to lavish praise, but your common-sense, your comradeship, and, above all, your vision, have endeared you to me as a man and a statesman.

You talk of Australia's pride in being with us when, alone in Europe, we stood between Hitler and world dominion.

We, in our turn, are proud that your people on the other side of the world stood four-square against the threat of Japanese aggression, and, like us, held the home fort.

The Commonwealth of Nations has a great future—and a great duty. You appreciate that when you say, "There can be no going back to the 'good old days.' They were not good days, and they have truly become old. We have to point the way to better days."

In some respects Australia is a more vigorous, more outspoken, more enterprising nation than we are.

Yet in this matter of working for new standards of life and living we are as one.

Many problems will have to be faced and overcome before those "better days" arrive. But so long as there are men like you to lead and plan they will surely come.—JOHN BULL.

TO AN UNKNOWN DOUGHBOY,
Somewhere in Britain

DEAR BUDDY,—I wish I had been in that Torquay bank during the town's Salute the Soldier week when you walked in and placed a thick wad of notes on the counter.

"I won that at poker," you said, "but I think the British Tommy had better have it before the pubs get it.

"Call it a Doughboy's salute to his buddy if you like, and send the receipt to my old lady." That £200 you deposited was more than money.

It was an earnest of the growing spirit of comradeship between the soldiers of our two countries and of the growing admiration each has for the other.

I wish I knew your name so that I could praise your action. But—I suppose you'd be annoyed if further publicity were forced on you.

Thank you.—JOHN BULL.

THE COMMITTEE,
Association of Electric Power Companies

GENTLEMEN,—Like the Fat Boy born of Dickens' imagination, you evidently hope to make our blood run cold and our spines tingle in terror. And you seek to do so by resuscitating the moribund bogy of Red Ruin.

Labour's plan for nationalising the electrical industry would, you assert, involve the public in appalling cost of freedom, control and hard cash. And it would ruin the industry.

That strikes me as curious. For, you know, most people in our big cities obtain their current from municipally owned power-houses. The cost is usually cheaper than that provided by the small and generally inefficient private companies that serve smaller areas.

Moreover, the only hope that thousands of people in rural districts have of getting electricity at reasonable cost is for a national scheme to be inaugurated.

Then there's that little word "ruin" which means so much. I haven't noticed that public control of the Post Office has resulted in its ruin. And no one suggests that the Fighting Forces, or war transport, or the police, should be left in the hands of a thousand different boards of directors.

I, as you know, think that such necessities of life as water and fuel should be co-ordinated in a rational system under public control. I am willing to consider reasoned arguments against this policy, but I refuse to throw my reason to the winds and be scared by screams of "ruin" and "appalling cost."—JOHN BULL.

Fighting Men Have Faith!

THERE will be consternation in Heaven at the bold and somewhat fatuous challenge of the Bishop of Chelmsford that the English deep at heart are not a religious people.

More than that, Dr. Wilson rubbed salt into the wound by declaring: "All this talk that soldiers and sailors are simply bursting with repressed religion—I do not believe a word of it. I heard it all in the last war. We are up against ignorance and unbelief and I do not know which is spiritual enemy No. 1 or spiritual enemy No. 2."

★ ★ ★

There are many ways in which one could frame a reply to the Bishop. But the one main fact is that neither the Bishop nor anyone can say just what religious beliefs our fighting men hold.

They probably resent and hate church parades. I did in the last war when even the dirtiest fatigue was preferable to orthodox religious spit and polish.

But church parades like church congregations mean nothing.

These conventional and outward expressions of Religion are merely symbols of respectability and social "face."

ARGUE IT OUT By PaNaz

What does the Bishop know of the men who are fighting so that his religion, any religion, all religion, may be followed by the devout the world over without let or hindrance?

Has the Bishop searched every soldier's heart, every sailor's mind, every airman's soul?

Has he mixed with them, lived with them? Has he tried to understand them?

Or has he merely blundered into one of those stupid, unprovable generalisations which are the sign of the superficial mind?

I am no churchman. I rarely go to church. But I am probably in as close touch with the fighting men as any Bishop.

A newspaper office is, after all, as good a barometer of opinion as any church.

Day after day, year after year, the newspapers tell stories of the power of prayer, of the unshakable faith of our men, of the steadfast courage which surpasses the brute creation.

★ ★ ★

Men adrift at sea, men in lost causes, men fighting desperate odds, have, time after time, testified to the inner courage which comes of Faith—faith not in religion, or in the church, but faith in the ultimate destiny of Man.

The Bishop of Chelmsford may not have read these stories. They are in the records. Anyone may search, and read them.

The British Tommy, tough guy though he is, tells those stories. So do the American troops.

How many silent prayers have been offered by our fighting men in times of stress?

What waves of prayer have gone over sea and land from wives and mothers to their boys?

Does the Bishop know?

★ ★ ★

Can he so flatly refute the evidence which is there for the world to see? And can he deny that in the armies of liberation there is a spirit which, in itself, is Faith in a Christian cause?

Dr. Wilson may not find the answers to these questions in his own heart.

I suggest they can be found in the hearts of the men whose religious faith he denies.

What Invasion Means to Me

By the Beachhead Foot-Slogger—as told to

JOHN CASHEL

It's the last few miles to the beachhead that set the men thinking

DIEPPE, North Africa, Sicily, Salerno. . . . I've done it all before, but somehow the more I have of invasions the less my feelings vary.

Circumstances differ. Tasks grow more formidable. Tactics change. Weapons are brand new or improved. Starshells and flares make night as naked as day.

Foot-slogging, first-assault infantrymen like me find ourselves upgraded into the halo class, doing what soldier and marine commandos did and freeing them for more selected special tasks.

What's behind my training and battle experience no money can buy; and just now I thank heaven I've had both in plenty. Something to hang on to as you sail into whatever's coming to you!

It's the last few miles as you steer for that stark Unknown of the beachhead coast that get you thinking.

Pitching and tossing, our flat-bottomed landing craft gets endless sickening whacks from waves slapping its snub-nose, and I get physically dizzy all right. But it isn't so much that—it's the way my mind swims round as if it's lost its anchor.

Good Companions

One moment I pray for silence, cursing the swish of water and the conversation of chaps packed like sardines around me. The next I want to be volubly matey just to hear myself talking naturally again.

I confound my boots that have never squeaked before—till now, and then am thankful they do because someone jokes, "They'll get you a quick ticket to hell all right, chum."

I laugh . . . that's better. Laugh again as my memory swims back to those psychology chaps back home who asked if I liked mother or father most, for it seems you can be too much of a mother's boy to be a tough soldier.

But I'm tough, aren't I? Browned and hardened tough as leather—the old sort I mean—by what only the Army can do for you.

Yet I'm wondering what mother, the wife and kids are doing now, whether they've managed to scrounge an extra bone for the dog and the cat's been saved another fishless day.

And I bless that lucky late spot of leave and their kisses and brave "good-byes."

Why do I ponder these last-minute personal things? I suppose, good and crowded as this boat is, I'm a bit lonely as the experience is something the home folk can't share. Somehow I'd like 'em to see me just now!

Maybe it's only natural that people —those dearest to you—seem to matter more than impersonal things at a moment like this.

I'm mighty glad for those extra family allowances—thanks a lot! But I don't give a damn about those soulless prefabricated houses that got me so hot in the last camp debate.

No, I'm only wishing that the home folk don't come to harm in whatever they live in, and I'm comforted by the thought that they'll get all the fewer bombs the more we chaps keep "Jerry" busy by kicking up hell on his stolen doorstep.

I glance around our huddled boatload rather sheepishly, asking myself: "Are the other chaps thinking what I am?"

The first-timers talk most. Is it to keep their courage up? Is it the excitement of a new type of adventure?

Yes, I think of fighting fitness—we'll need it—and of God a lot. He stands for Luck and all the rest that's Good in what we're going to. I'll be feeling He's very personal, too, and be very quietly calling Him "Dear God," as I've done before, when I'm in a really bad spot and want a bit of help.

It's not that I lack confidence. Confidence has been drilled into me so hard that I take it for granted "Jerry," last-ditcher though he is, is a darn sight more scared of me than I of him. Haven't I known that almost all the long, long way since Alamein?

Hasn't he yet to find a general like our "Monty," who hasn't yet lost a battle?

Hasn't his *Luftwaffe* lagged a mighty long way behind, since it darkened Dunkirk's and Britain's skies, and haven't we been promised complete air superiority this time and haven't a doubt we'll get it?

Hasn't he 1,200 miles of Western coastline to defend, even if he's had nearly four years to get ready?

And can he have all his crack troops at the right time at the right place; which is where we're going? Aren't *we* doing the invading?

Faintly, these questions are asked and answered comfortingly at the back of my mind, but that's all. Zero hour in a landing craft, bouncing about as temperamentally as any woman, is too tense and expectant for reason.

A hunk of unseen wreckage—and there's plenty about in the seas these days—beats wildly against our bow.

Somebody ejaculates inanely: "Hell, what's that—a mine?" As if, were it one, there'd be any time for ejaculation!

But, as we chug along, "Mines! Mines! Mines!" *are* bobbing into the picture.

The friendly sweepers are out ahead, working perilous wonders mopping up our share of the hundreds of thousands "Jerry" says he's laid round his ill-gotten seaboard.

How the Navy clears them all, and still gets us there on time is a marvel. Clears them all—or nearly all! You never know . . . your clumsy floating-box may be the unlucky one.

Whatever moods I've been in till now, pensive or talkative or a bit of both, I snap out of them smartly at this first grim reminder of danger.

I'm suddenly much more conscious of my immediate neighbours. The protecting destroyers and fiery little launches, weaving around. The sleek Spitfires, roaring above. The fellow landing craft, with first assault comrades whom we can't do without and who can't do without us.

Sappers, who'll soon be mopping other sorts of mines and all the murderous assortment of booby-traps.

Splendid sappers! They'll need all the bomb and gun and smoke help that airmen and sailors can give them. The air has already "softened" their way. The Navy's about to do some more.

There, riding comfortably close, are the artillery FOO's (forward observation officers) who'll be selecting from ashore the targets and getting the signallers who land with them to radio the map references back to the BLO's (bombardmen liaison officers) in destroyers and bigger ships carrying out the bombardment.

Mortar men, too. They'll be hanging on our heels to support us with the first bombardment by landed forces.

And the commandos, who'll be helping the likes of me to cut and blast that wicked barbed-wire before either of us can move on to our separate tasks.

Closest comrades, all these, in the bid for that first foothold on the beachhead. Some were my comrades of Dieppe, North Africa, Sicily, Salerno. I can't let them down. More and more I'm one of a team: feeling really good and eager to get it over now!

Long Last Miles

I begin to measure those last miles . . . how long they seem! But I know they'll pass quickly compared with those last hundreds of yards, that final yard by yard . . . if I've time and breath to make the comparison!

Now I'm near enough for our bombs to be making a most awful din. They've been going down round the clock, but you've to be sitting cheek by jowl with an air bombardment like this to realise what those cold words and figures of the *communiqués* on the Continental blastings and straffings really mean.

Oh, thanks for the Typhoons, the Bostons and Mitchells, the Mosquitos and Mustangs. What a lot of them there are now, and so far not a Stuka to be seen!

Yet this ear-splitting beachhead row goes on and on.

And louder and louder it gets as we go in. Please, somebody turn off the noise!

"Are they all bombs . . . . isn't the Navy shelling . . . or is it Jerry?" I wonder.

Was it a Dream?

Lower and lower come our 'planes, sweeping over us. Now I no longer feel a minute cog before the magnitude of it all, but umpteen feet tall and duck my head in imaginary fear for its safety.

When I come up again, a smoke screen is creeping across the beachhead. How friendly and protecting it is, like a shading hand blotting out some ugly scene.

Everybody, except me, seems to be firing now. I can't hear myself speak, nor the sea swish, nor that expected crunch of shingle or sand under our ILC's flat belly. Only a whale of a heaving jolt that throws me all of a heap with the rest.

I'm out! I'm there. Another beachhead battle for foot-slogging me has begun! . . .

Or, was it for me once again—only another "last night's dream"?

Juggernaut from Two Barrels!

THE queer-looking gun was manhandled into position at the head of the wide street which ran through the centre of the town.

Dubious citizens examined it warily. It was the first double-barrelled artillery piece the world had ever seen, and they were to witness its first demonstration.

The twin barrels were not the only novel feature of the big gun.

★ ★ ★

Stranger still was the projectile—two heavy cannon balls coupled by a 50-ft. length of strong chain which, when the balls had been loaded into the barrels, hung out of the muzzles like a monstrous necklace.

The crowd tactfully withdrew behind the gun, which was aimed dead true down the middle of the ruler-straight street; there was a hiss of indrawn breath as a lighted match was touched to the fuse.

Moments later the charges exploded with a deafening roar, and the twin cannon balls, linked by their heavy chain, screamed out of the muzzles.

Now whether the charges of gunpowder were slightly unequal or not will never be known.

The theory of the inventor, ingenious Mr. John Gilleland, was that the twin balls, proceeding on a parallel course, would carry the taut chain between them in the manner of an irresistible scythe, mowing down rank after rank of any body of enemy troops unfortunate enought to stand in its path.

Anyhow, the cannon balls did *not* emerge simultaneously from the barrels, but one after the other.

The result was startling.

With the heavy cannon balls jerking at the chain which yoked them to each other in their uneven passage, this howling juggernaut shot zigzagged down the street, scooping up porticos, vehicles and sundry impedimenta which had been thought to be parked well out of its range.

Then the monster twins came to rest in the countryside somewhere beyond the houses, and there was an awed silence.

Surprisingly the only casualties were a cow or two and a number of inanimate objects.

★ ★ ★

The inventor was restrained from further experiments with his weapon, and it now stands as a mute reproach outside the City Hall of a town in Georgia, U.S.A.

It was to have been John Gilleland's contribution as a secret weapon to the American Civil War. Maybe it will inspire the Back Room Boys who produce the secret weapons of World War 2.

PATRICK SPENCER.

Labour Must Close Its Ranks

By Hannen Swaffer

Aneurin Bevan—"nuisance" or portent?

WHEN will Labour make a bold bid for power? Are personalities to come first, or principles?

Is heresy-hunting to go on?

These, as I see it, are vital questions awaiting an answer at the Labour Party Conference which opens on Whitsun Monday. But all these problems would solve themselves if this other question,

How soon can we get out of the Government?

were answered by decision to get out at an early date.

For while Labour remains in, however highly patriotic may be its motives, it will have to capitulate to the Tories among whom it is in a minority.

This means that those trade union leaders who are content to allow a perpetuation of the present system if only their followers are better paid for shorter hours, will be at war, every now and then, with those Socialists who want a new system altogether.

For the Socialists say the price they are being forced to pay for co-operation with the Tories is too high—that, instead of the New World promised in 1940, we find monopoly capitalism much stronger than it was at the beginning of the war, and that the longer the war goes on the stronger will it grow, at the workers ultimate expense.

And, while the rows go on, a great opportunity is being thrown away. For millions of voters, with eyes newly opened to the fact that it was the old system that brought about the war, want to join some Party that will alter things.

Yet Labour, instead of attracting new members, seems to be more concerned on throwing out people already in.

World brotherhood, the dream of every idealist, is being dispelled by another family quarrel in Britain. It was, not long since, a quarrel over "Can we admit the Communists?"—and then a quarrel over "Why cannot the *Daily Worker* start again?"

It is not a new social order that Labour's leaders have been discussing, but the old disorder in the Party's ranks. The same disease of disunity breaks out in a new form over and over again. Now it is "Bevan *v.* Bevin."

Never has the gap between the leaders and the rank-and-file been as great as it is to-day. I do not wonder that the Tories laugh.

This time it was the Strike Order, which Ernest Bevin got the Trades Union Council to sanction, that nearly split the Labour Party in two.

For the Strike Order was the result of an agreement—one between the Government and the leaders of some of the workers, and some of the employers—of the kind of which a Corporate State is built up. The Labour Party in the House decided, by a majority, and as part of the price of "national unity," to support it.

In consequence, miners, engineers, distributive workers, union after union, and divisional labour parties, protested. They supported Aneurin Bevan, who had led fifteen other Labour M.P.s into the "No" Lobby, when Bevan was reported for expulsion.

END OF LAST WAR

Although, for a time, tact averted an open breach, similar troubles are almost certain to arise again in the near future.

For, whilst most trade unionists, if I can read the signs, are in favour of Labour coming out of the Government, their official leaders are in favour of stopping in. Some of these leaders are even suspected, every now and then, of being in favour of a continuance of the Coalition after the war.

So it is that while, at Whitsun, the Labour Party should be concentrating on a decision as to how it is to capture a majority vote at the next election—for, if it is sincere, it must believe that only its policy can win the peace—its discussions look like becoming a storm of words over "How soon can we get out of the Government?"

At the end of the last war the Labour Ministers in the Government—Barnes, Henderson, Clynes, Walsh and Roberts—all said "We must stay in for the Peace." Then the situation was almost exactly like the one that will face us when next a "Cease fire" bugle sounds.

FIGHT NOW!

But look at what happened in 1919! Instead of the "Land fit for heroes" that was promised, we fell into the worst slump we have known.

The plain truth is that, as Sir Stafford Cripps, driven out of the Party only a few years ago, has warned us, the nation must draw up a peace programme in war time if, when peace comes, it is to be carried into effect. Yet, so far, there is no sign of it—and, for all we know, Germany may suddenly collapse!

Labour, indeed, will have to realise when it meets this year that the gap between the policy it so enthusiastically agreed upon in 1942 and the amount of that policy which has been got through by its Ministers in the Cabinet looks so enormous that you would conclude nothing whatever had been achieved.

Yet everybody knows that, when once the war is over, Tory Ministers will have no interest in trying to carry out any part of the policy the Labour Party had in view. All they will want is a return to as much of the old system as the masses will stand.

That is why we must all fight for more now—or nothing whatever will be got.

GREAT CONTRIBUTION

There is another thing—while the quarrelling goes on, and while Bevin attacks Bevan and Silverman and Laski, and Bevan and Laski attack Bevin, the nation will forget the enormous contribution which Labour has made to the achieving of victory.

Leaving out the part the workers have played in the factories and workshops and in civil defence, the success of Ernest Bevin in the Ministry of Labour and of Herbert Morrison in the Home Office has been incalculable. Yet even these two men, both members of the same War Cabinet, are on little more than speaking terms!

Tories in the Government have themselves told me of the wisdom that Clement Attlee, however colourless he may appear as a leader, has shown at Cabinet meetings, and of the fine co-ordinating work he has done on committees.

Labour, indeed, could form as good a Government as any other Party. But who will believe it if the quarrelling goes on?

It is hard enough, without the dissensions, to impress the personalities of Labour's leaders upon the country while the newspapers, nearly all of which are anti-Labour, merely advertise the shindies they indulge in and the hard words they fling at Members of their own Party.

Labour, too, must learn how to combine unity with freedom. If, every time a back-bencher feels compelled to take a line of his own, he is to be threatened with expulsion—well, all the Aneurin Bevans and Sydney Silvermans, the Harold Laskis and the Frank Bowleses, the Dick Stokeses and the Alfred Edwardses will soon have to leave the Party.

Then—well, how long would it be a Party? It would only be a machine that, so far from attracting voters, would scare them away.

L. G., in the Boer War, was a rebel. He, in 1918, became "The man who won the war."

Ramsay opposed that war. He was soon the first Socialist to become Premier of Britain.

Churchill was a rebel, until September 3, 1939. Then—well, you all know what he is to-day.

Those who, all their lives, are content to be disciplined never do anything worth talking about. They may achieve so-called "Success," but only as imitators and as a reward for subservience.

Aneurin Bevan may be regarded by his Party chiefs as "erratic" and as a "nuisance." But in the issues involved in this month's dispute he was a symbol and a portent.

Millions want a change from things as they are. Who is to give it to them?

By A. G. Gardiner

The hour approaches when we shall be able to say to the enslaved peoples: "Let Europe arise!"

THE day of reckoning is here. Four years ago this May the avalanche of terror broke over Europe. Warsaw, in the previous September, had foreshadowed what was to come, and the fate of Norway in April had brought the peril to our shores.

But it was the horror of Rotterdam in May that disclosed the maniacal fury of the "total war" that had been unleashed against Europe.

It fell upon a world unorganised, practically unarmed, and totally unprepared, either politically or militarily, to meet it. The attack, so sudden and so overwhelming, seemed destined to carry the world by storm—not Europe only, but the continents beyond the seas.

The nations fell "one by one" like nine-pins, from Norway to France, and though the Battle of Britain saved us from going down in the universal wreck, it seemed only a respite from a doom that, delayed for the moment, was inevitable.

* * *

By the end of the summer Germany was master of Europe from the North Sea to the Black Sea, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Gulf of Finland.

Britain still stood, but apart from Gibraltar, there was not a square mile on the whole Continent where a British regiment could get a foothold or a British gun could be emplaced.

Only one great Power, holding the eastern fringe of Europe, was still erect and independent. But that Power, to all appearance, had passed into the orbit of the enemy.

If we could have seen the mighty hope that lay behind that appearance the nightmare would have been lifted.

But that vision was denied to us. Denied to us also was the knowledge that if we held on Hitler would one day give us not only Russia as an ally, but also the great republic beyond the Atlantic.

All that we had to sustain us in that dark hour was faith in ourselves, in our cause and in our command of the sea. That command had been gravely weakened by the fall of France, by the entry of Italy into the war, and by the devastations of the U-boat.

German Cities

IN recent months a few more names have been added to the long list of bombed German cities.

The new names—Schweinfurt, Brunswick, Oschersleben—have been heard repeatedly in the last few months. But on the whole the list has not been much changed since 1941-42.

Let us talk of those German towns which have *not*, or not yet, been raided by the Allied air forces.

★ ★ ★

This list is comparatively short, and may become even shorter, especially if the conquest of Italy were to progress and more airfields farther north were in Allied hands.

There are some large industrial cities which owe their luck to their geographical position. These are mostly in the eastern provinces of Germany, and can

be reached on
For example,
towns of Breslau
inhabitants, C
important wag
tory, and above
area of Upper
Ruhr." Those
Kattowitz, Ko
350 miles fart
To reach this
miles to and
from England.
Then there
capital of Saxo
and engineerin

★

Its 60[illegible] in
dering every n
devastated ra
Leipzig. How lo
enjoy its unit

Europe's Fateful Hour

But it was still our sheet anchor. Since the days of Blake it had never failed us. We felt in our bones that it would not fail us now.

* * *

That was the position in May four years ago. It is May again, and the war still goes on. But in how different a setting!

The world stands expectant as it did then. But it is expectant, not of the fall of Britain, but of the fall of the criminal Power that set out so confidently four years ago to conquer it.

Invasion is still the preoccupation of all minds. But it is not the invasion of this country that is imminent. That danger has passed like a cloud from the sky.

It passed, as we can now see, in those thrilling days of the Battle of Britain, when, in turning the tide of battle in the West, we won time in which to mobilise the world and rescue it from destruction.

All that has happened in the interval has flowed from that momentous triumph. The way has been long. The disappointments have been many. The sacrifices have been grievous.

But the hope and the confidence born then have never faltered.

They survived that dreadful winter of 1941-42 when our cities went up in flames.

They survived the dark days of Greece and Crete and Tobruk when the loss of the Mediterranean and the Suez seemed imminent.

They survived the peril in the Spring of 1943 when the U-boat got the upper hand and the sinkings in the Atlantic so nearly succeeded in cutting our life-line.

* * *

And they have grown as the tide of war has turned in our favour. Great allies have come to our aid—thanks to the follies and intuitions of Hitler.

Russia has performed prodigies that have amazed the world. America's stupendous productive power, both of men and material, has altered the whole balance of force.

We have won the dominion of the skies. Our supremacy at sea is beyond challenge. Hitler is in retreat, his Axis is shattered and the outworks of his fortress are crumbling.

Invasion is again at hand. But it is the invasion of Germany. Indeed, the invasion has long been in progress. Day and night for months past the power-house of Germany has been battered to dust. Day and night the transport on which she relies to meet the ground attack that envelops her has been wrecked.

Invasion is at hand—and our airfleets are its heralds

Now the hour of the deliverance is striking. The blow will be delivered from without, but not alone from without.

This is the moment for Europe to rise within. For four years it has lain, stricken, helpless, starving, under the most hideous tyranny that has ever afflicted mankind. Resistance there has been.

Brave men and brave women by thousands and tens of thousands have given their lives in the sacred cause of freedom. The soil of Europe, from Norway to Greece, is stained with their blood.

They have not died in vain. They will live immortally in the legend of Europe as those who kept the torch of liberty burning during the dreadful night of the Great Terror. But while Hitler was triumphant and while his murder squads infested every corner of Europe it was impossible for anything like organised resistance to take shape.

Such active resistance as there was was driven underground to the catacombs and the caves, the forests and the mountain.

It was kept alive by the sacrifices of multitudes of people who shielded it, fed it out of their starvation rations, and faced the firing squads in droves rather than betray it.

* * *

With the opening of the grand assault on Germany, the moment has come for the whole underground movement to explode at a given signal from one end of Europe to the other.

Strained to its utmost already the Gestapo will collapse under the impact of a timed rising. Even the terrorism of the machine gun will be overwhelmed by a synchronised wave of rebellion.

And in the matter of arms we shall have been sadly lacking in foresight if means have not been found for getting weapons into the hands of our Fifth Column within the fortress.

Not a Nazi brigand's life should be safe in any occupied land when the signal is given. Not a fuel dump or powder magazine or power station should be secure from attack.

Above all, not a railway engine or vehicle of any sort should be immune to sabotage.

For transport will, in these hectic days, be the chief headache of an enemy short of men, short of engines, and compelled to shift their resources over the whole length and breadth of Europe.

The Fifth Column in Europe, in short, can throw such a spanner into Hitler's war machine as will help to make the invasion both swift and sure.

Let Europe arise, and let her enemies be scattered.

...ties Where No Bomb Has Fallen

...ached only after overland flights. ...ample, there are big industrial ... of Breslau (with more than 600,000 ...itants), Goerlitz (250,000), with an ...tant waggon and locomotive fac... and above all, the whole industrial ... of Upper Silesia, "the second ... Those foundries at Gleiwitz, ..., Koenigshuette, lie another ...ile farther south-east of Berlin. ...reat this means an additional 700 ... and fro for Allied bombers ... England.

...en there is Dresden, the beautiful ...al C... Saxony, with a great chemical ...engineering industry.

* * *

...60,000 inhabitants must be won...ering every night, especially since the ...tates' raids on the rival city of ...zig. How long they will continue to ... impunity.

They must bless the 60 miles which separate them from the more westerly Leipzig, which have apparently saved them so far.

* * *

That the huge and ugly city of Chemnitz (350,000), the German Manchester and Leeds, has suffered no damage is probably due to the fact that Bomber Command does not regard textile centres as priority targets.

It shares this luck with the other textile towns of Western Saxony, though I should not be surprised if Zwickau, the town where many cars and lorries (and now probably tanks) are produced by the Auto-Union combine, will not shortly appear on the longer list of targets.

In Central Germany the only towns which have been spared are those whose cultural value outweighs by far their industrial importance.

I am sure that Jena, the University town, would never have been raided but for the world-famous optical works of Zeiss. And a few miles away, Weimar, the town with the relics of Goethe and Schiller, has remained untouched, like Eisenach, the town of the Wartburg of Tannhäuser and Martin Luther fame.

In South-West Germany, Heidelberg only had one or two bombs three years ago.

* * *

These were apparently meant for Mannheim (not far away), and other such University towns as Freiburg, in Baden; Erlangen, near Nuremburg; Tuebingen, near Stuttgart, and—farther north—Giessen and Marburg (between bombed Frankfort and Cassel) have been consistently—and, I presume, purposely—neglected by Bomber Command.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Short Story

was the sound of the traffic, far away on a highroad out of sight, that got Johnny ey. At least, that is what, in vn words, put the lid on him. was the sun, of course, and the ouse fare, and the way in which row didn't matter until it became . It was everything. That far- buzz on the highroad was only the hing. It was that which settled rs.

nny Delaney found his interest ting in such things as turnips and Goop's big red sow and the dry er of '79.

his is the life for me!" he said. l when he went back to London e end of the holiday, it was only for r three days, to wind up his affairs esign from the Next Century Ad- ing Agency.

Next Century Advertising Agency disgusted. Johnny Delaney's was g brain behind the Cupid Choco- ampaign. "One Thousand Reasons You Will Love Cupid Chocolate." day in the newspapers appeared w reason fathered by the fertile nation of Johnny Delaney. Week week, year after year. The four red and ninety-first reason. . . . four hundred and ninety-second n. . . . Everybody was talking it.

d now, suddenly, with over three red reasons to go, Johnny Delaney a-ta.

en they got over being disgusted offered to double his money. on't need it," he said. "£2 a week keep me like a fighting cock in the ry."

ow do you propose to earn £2 a in the country?" they wanted to

aven't the foggiest," said Johnny ey. "But love will find a way." ou'll get fed up," they told him. grinned.

ou'll come back," they told him. grinned wider.

went.

tried, first of all, dairy farming at er Blosset's dairy farm. He tried a fortnight. At the end of the ght he was nearly dead with over- and Farmer Blosset was nearly with fright.

ain't that you're not willin'," he "'Tis the way you muck things I tried you city chaps afore. e triers, I'll say so much, but you got the right ideas. Reckon we did t to part company," said Farmer et.

d that was the end of that.

ELANEY next had a shot at har- vesting. The shot lasted a week, left Johnny with the feeling that he elf would last just eight days if he t chuck it.

chucked it.

able to do more than drag one after the other, he staggered into ittle bedroom under the thatch and d at his reflection in the mirror. ad been plump in his London days. had been curved. Now he was lar.

s London days. . . .

thought of the times he'd had with Next Century Advertising Agency, asy money, the fat of the land. And they'd laugh if he went back. . . . he took on a dose of road-mending he Rural District Council, and he another stone.

ght and day, he could scarcely keep e. He loved, as much as ever, the d of the traffic far away on the high- out of sight, the sun, the farm- e fare most of all the way in which orrow didn't matter until it became ay.

e recalled with a shudder the bricks

When he tried to dress them all in smocks they faded away

Johnny's New Way of Life

By Will Scott

and mortar and the smell of petrol, the strap-hanging and telephone buzzing that went with the fat of the land in London, the One Thousand Reasons Why You Will Love Cupid Chocolate, basely deserted with over three hundred reasons to go.

And he found himself smiling at the mere thought of Gaffer Goop's big red sow and the dry summer of '79.

"I'll stick it," he said, "somehow."

His letters to old pals grew fewer and fewer In them he said less and less. But the old pals put two and two together and guessed he was wilting. In their minds' eyes they could see him growing thinner and thinner, more and more tired. They began to look for him in the old haunts.

"He'll come back," they said. "As soon as he realises there are no cushy jobs in the country."

Two hundred miles away, Johnny Delaney was saying to himself:

"There must be a cushy job in the country. Somewhere. If only I can find it. Before I drop to bits with slogging."

He ran through every job in the village and came out at the other end. Then the village shook its head and said it was sorry.

Johnny Delaney only smiled. There were other villages.

He put on his coat and marched away. There was no ill-feeling on either side. Only aching muscles on Johnny's.

Professor Pott and his League of Vital Villagers descended on the village of Cooden Hatch from nowhere. And as nobody knew where he had come from, so nobody knew what he was up to.

Cooden Hatch gathered round and gaped, but they couldn't make head or tail of him.

He took a room near the church, which he called his headquarters, and from his headquarters he started what he called his campaign.

He offered to Cooden Hatch the Fuller Life. For 1s. a year he was willing to enrich their days with the joys of Shakespeare, hand loom weaving, Morris dancing and the strange like.

On his second night he even gave them, in the village hall, with free admission, a lecture on the Higher Plastics.

"Turnips are not all!" was his theme. And he wasn't above getting down from his rostrum and mixing with the villagers and seeing their point as he rammed home his own.

Or tried to. . . .

The first one he tackled was Ernie, and Ernie, who looked like an understudy to a scarecrow, ought to have warned him what he was up against.

"Are you satisfied," asked Professor Pott, "with what you're getting out of life?"

ERNIE gave him a slow, confidential smile.

"Bet you wouldn't like to give me 1s.," he said.

Professor Pott admitted it right away.

So Ernie started in on the story of how his great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather had been groom to the Earl of Blank.

Professor Pott was astounded. It was the longest story he had ever listened to. It didn't seem to have any point whatever, and after twenty minutes or so it hadn't got more than an ace or two from its beginning.

"What I want to know . . ." said Professor Pott.

But Ernie ploughed on.

At last Professor Pott said he'd have to be going, and he went, and Ernie went with him . . . and the story went on. At last, outside the Unicorn, Professor Pott dug out the 1s.

"Go and get yourself a drink," he said. And so made his escape.

The next time was on the edge of a little crowd near a travelling ice-cream barrow.

"Mornin'," said Ernie.

The one word was enough to make Professor Pott feel faint.

"Did I ever tell you," said Ernie, "about my great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, mister?"

"Yes," said Professor Pott, gloomily.

"He was groom one time to the Earl of Blank," said Ernie.

"You told me," said Professor Pott.

"Then I'll tell you," said Ernie.

And he started again.

After ten minutes of it, Professor Pott wanted to cry.

"Would you like an ice-cream?" he said.

"No money," said Ernie.

The professor gave him 6d.

"Here you are," he said. "Go and enjoy yourself."

And when Ernie turned away the professor bolted.

He didn't find the rest of the populace as silly as Ernie, but he found them silly enough. They didn't seem to want their lives to be fuller. They didn't seem to want their days to be enriched. They only wanted to stand and stare.

Until, after a long speech in which he told them they weren't in character, he tried to dress them all in smocks. Then they faded away.

They didn't know what it was, but they suspected a game. Not, as they agreed, that you can get up to much of a game at 1s. a head per year. Even

(Continued on next page)

Happiness, Hope and Freedom

HAPPINESS, hope, and freedom, does it all sound too good to be true? But these are things within us, they're not unattainable nor new. They may have been under cruel pressure, and we may almost have lost the way of using our soul's equipment in a world gone haunted and grey.

But happiness, hope, and freedom have managed to shine and survive in surroundings which falter expression, but the soul has kept them alive. They are not dependent on riches, nor comfort as some might suppose, for hope shines higher than hardship and faith its own happiness knows.

SO happiness, hope, and freedom belong to us every one, and the hope that is woven through suffering is as strong and as bright as God's sun. For it lights life's dangerous highways and within it is happiness set, and freedom is the deep song of the soul which no one has conquered yet.—J. M.

HUMAN MACHINE

Do Ask "Why?"

We may be ruled by habit. We are, to a very great extent, so ruled. But—and what a "but" it is!—we can, if we like, choose the habits that are to rule us.

It only needs a little practice to become one of those people who refuse to take anything for granted, and who want some evidence for what they are asked to believe.

It's the only way to become acute, clear headed, and really mentally alive. Never lie down to assertions, statements, glib propaganda. Ask questions; ask plenty of questions. You can reduce any propagandist to tears, almost, by just asking "Why?" Far too few ask "Why?" Far too many take almost everything for granted.

You shouldn't, you know; you really shouldn't. Insist on being told why.

It's the touchstone of mental sincerity. If you don't get a sound answer, you aren't being given a sound argument. By the mere asking of questions you're proving your own mental alertness and unwillingness to be a proper goose for propaganda!

when you get it. And so far Professor Pott hadn't got his first 1s.

One fine day he brought down a Big Noise from London to show them how much happier they'd be if thy stopped being what they were and started to be something out of a picture in a Christmas Number. The Big Noise came down in a big car, surrounded by secretaries, and he gave the village a big surprise. But to balance things up he got one himself.

Ernie told him he wouldn't like to give him 1s., and when he said how well Ernie read his mind, Ernie let loose.

After a quarter of an hour of it the Big Noise made it 2s. 6d. and bolted, bruised but breathing, and savagely demanded to be told by the professor what he'd been let in for.

WHICH left Ernie free to tackle the first secretary.

"Bet you wouldn't like to give me 1s.," said Ernie.

"Right first time," said the first secretary.

So Ernie introduced him to his great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, and it wasn't very long before the first secretary thought the 1s. was the cheapest bob's worth he'd ever had in his life.

Which left Ernie free to tackle the second secretary.

"Bet you wouldn't like to give me 1s.," said Ernie.

The second secretary started, pulled Ernie's whiskers aside and stared, as it were through the bushes.

"Johnny Delaney!" he exclaimed.

"Sssh!" said Johnny. "I'm known as Ernie here."

"You've had us wondering in London for months," said the second secretary.

"What are you doing here?"

"Living," said Johnny.

"But what on?"

"Mugs," said Johnny. "Visitors, mostly."

"You don't mean . . ."

"Money for jam," said Johnny. "Fresh air, good food, the country life I've always wanted, and let to-morrow come when it will."

"Yes," said the bewildered secretary, "but what's your line?"

"Juiciest thing I ever struck," said Johnny. "Absolutely nothing to do at all. I'm the Village Idiot."

He put on his famous slow smile.

"Bet you wouldn't like to make it half a quid," he said.

And the secretary was so knocked endways that, without thinking, he parted.

This Knight Has a Black Past

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

A MAN in his early thirties, invalided from the Army after an airborne training accident, recently came to me for advice.

He had been answering advertisements for a job, and had met a "financier" who seemed to have the very opening he sought.

But £200 was needed as an investment, and my caller was just a little hesitant about parting with the money before making inquiries.

Plausible Appearance

If only more people would be as cautious!

For JOHN BULL's librarian soon found that the advertiser was recorded in our files—and the records made unpleasant reading.

Long before the war he advertised golden opportunities—that generally lasted only as long as his victims' money.

And an occasional stay in jail didn't deter him from resuming the hunt for victims when he was able to put on ordinary clothes again.

My ex-soldier caller has thus saved himself £200.

Now, to press home to every reader the urgent need for caution in all such matters, let me turn to a new and different example that has come to my notice.

Here are two advertisements that recently appeared:

"Companies formed. Capital introduced. Partnerships arranged. Inventors assisted. Models produced. Forty years' experience."

And another:

"Insurance Manager (£250), £6 per week and commission."

In both cases the advertiser's name was "Knight's," Welford Chambers, New Walk, Leicester.

From the wording of its announcements most people would surely assume that the firm was one of old-established standing and repute.

Inquiries at the Leicester office show that a dignified-looking man of about sixty, who seems to be well-intentioned and businesslike, is in control there of a venture which has the trading description of "Knights of the Road."

His name is Walter Ayriss, and he figures prominently on the notepaper as the organisation's "President."

A reader who answered the advertisement for an insurance manager received a reply stating that the position was a very important one and that he would have to invest £250 to secure it. Mr. Ayriss left nothing in doubt that it would prove both lasting and remunerative, but our reader did not pursue the matter.

Glittering Yarns

Although his Leicester office is described as only a "district" one, and there was little more than a table and a chair to commend his supposedly growing operations when an interview took place arising out of the other advertisement I have mentioned, that does not in itself necessarily mean that Mr. Ayriss has no lasting or remunerative jobs on his lists for employment-with-investment clients.

But I *can* say—without any hesitation—that I know enough about his past history to cite his "Knights of the Road" enterprise as an up-to-date illustration of how great is the need for preliminary investigation where all such offers are concerned.

It is, after all, only in the public interest that people attracted by them should be in a position to know the type of persons they are dealing with.

That is why I now disclose that Mr. Ayriss has had a lot of experience in spinning these glittering yarns.

In the name of Harry Berry, he was formerly a broker and business agent in Deansgate, Manchester.

There, too, he advertised for employees—and their money.

Having obtained sums of £75 and more, he disappeared when some of his victims were facing starvation.

Eventually he was traced and arrested on numerous charges of fraudulent conversion. Mr. Justice Lawrence, describing him as a danger to the community, sentenced him to three years' penal servitude.

Then, with a more luxurious office in Queen Anne's Gate, London, he called himself Berryman, Limited, and pursued his reckless swindling of men needing work.

Again—after he had had a long run—the police got on his track, he appeared at the Old Bailey, and left the dock for eighteen months in prison.

He was then an undischarged bankrupt, having been adjudicated as far back as 1931 with liabilities of £2,657 and no assets.

Wife in Debt

In a past crowded with incidents, Ayriss in the course of his career once even wriggled valuable shares from a victim when he found there was no ready money available.

One of his most pathetic victims is his own wife who, with three children to support, was left stranded a few years ago. Debts were piled all around her when Ayriss—then "Harry Berry"—vanished and she had to exist on Public Assistance until she was able to find work.

"Knights of the Road" indeed!

It might, therefore, be a hard road for anyone if they took for granted the alluringly worded advertisements which "the President" has lately been inserting in newspapers.

And he is but one of many such job providers.

As I said in a general warning some time ago, all kinds of employment offers are now being made by "specialists" who demand money as an investment.

But remember that my advice can be had for the asking.

"A danger to the community," said Mr. Justice Lawrence

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. S. Smith, Lingmoor Hotel, Waterhead, Ambleside, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are welcomed about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MR. COOPER'S BARGAIN BOX NUMBER

SOME people are gullible enough to believe anything—particularly if they are anxious to be cured of stammering, excessive smoking, or baldness.

They see a small advertisement in a local paper, and, although they have never heard of the advertiser before, and even if he uses only a box number as his address, send off their money by return of post.

★ ★ ★

All of which must be very gratifying to Mr. Cooper, who advertises a treatment for baldness from an accommodation address in London, W.C.1.

Mr. Cooper is something of a philanthropist.

For though his "very useful and beneficial formula" originally cost not less than £2 2s., he now offers it to the public for the small sum of 3s. 6d.

How can he do this? Well, here's his story:

From October, 1935, to March, 1937, a very wealthy North of England man (whose name we are not told) traded as a "Hair Specialist." During that time he spent £1,000 a week on advertising, wages and other overheads. At the end of eighteen months he had lost thousands.

Apparently, his fees were too high. Consequently, he failed and passed out of business.

After living in idleness for several months he was offered various positions by other hair specialist firms, the best being from America.

But though his passage was paid by his employers, the mystery man from the North of England needed cash for clothes and other necessities.

So—Mr. Cooper stepped in. He acquired the formula that had brought his predecessor to such a disastrous financial position, and is now offering it genially for only 3s. 6d.

He does not even need a proper office to do it; nor is it necessary for him to disclose his real address to clients.

★ ★ ★

Letters are only received for him at the London "Box Number" address and taken elsewhere for attention. It is interesting to note that one circular before me was posted in Carlisle, 300 miles away from his London "headquarters."

Perhaps the fact that Carlisle is in the North Country could explain a great deal?

SEVEN *versus* THE ICE-CAP

Behind the Battle—4

By Harold A. Albert

On the deadly, treacherous Greenland Ice-Cap a Flying Fortress crashed in two

HERE is the story of an Allied bomber that crashed in hell—the appalling, almost incredible story of a Flying Fortress that strayed from the Atlantic ferry line and broke into two on the Greenland Ice-Cap.

The first flier to recover from the grinding jar of the crash climbed out through the splinters of the radio compartment—and hurriedly climbed back.

Through the whips of dry snow he saw just ahead of the 'plane the giddy precipice of a fissure. A second ravenous ice crevasse was opening under the tailplane—and the wreck seemed to be sliding backwards into the chasm.

CHASMS ALL ROUND

For three days the crew could do nothing but hope, hold on, and wait for the end of the blizzard. With frost-bitten fingers they tried to mend the wrecked radio. They had no light and no stove, but they rigged a tarpaulin over the fusclage break to keep off the worst of the weather.

Lieut. O'Hara, the navigator, worked out that they weren't more than twenty-five miles from a rescue base. Once the storm ceased, he thought, a forced march to the coast or help from another 'plane would be simple.

Then the snow tore away the last veils of terror and they realised the true hopelessness of their position.

Their irreparably wrecked machine, bedded in snow, was holding firm . . . but deep ice chasms completely encircled them.

No rescue 'plane could ever land near. It was doubtful if even a dog-team could reach them.

O'Hara and Spencer, the co-pilot, still determined to try for the coast. They hadn't gone a hundred yards when O'Hara, in the lead, spoke to Spencer, and received no reply.

Where Spencer had stood there was only a gaping hole.

On hands and knees O'Hara eased himself over the snow-crust and stared down the smooth blue-green ice walls of a fissure.

Far below a chunk of ice was wedged across the abyss, teetering pendulum-wise from side to side. And Spencer lay upon it, slipping, sliding, every movement threatening to send him hurtling hundreds of feet into the depths far beneath.

"What impressed me most," he said afterwards, "was the extraordinary beauty of my surroundings. That sounds funny, but I knew I'd get out."

The entire Fortress crew made a rope of parachute shroud lines and lowered it down. Slowly, with infinite care, Spencer made a loop round his wrist, and then round his waist.

Inch by inch they hauled him up 100 ft. or more until the projecting rim of the crevasse prevented him rising higher.

END OF A MOTOR-SLED

They had to lower him again, lower a knife, and allow him to jab at the ice-crust from beneath until he had hacked his way out.

Spencer emerged unharmed from his escape, but O'Hara had accidentally got some snow inside his boots.

That night his feet were frozen.

Food stocks were running low. A stove made out of the bomb-sight case barely warmed their scanty rations.

Nearly a fortnight passed before the radio transmitter was repaired and they signalled their approximate position.

When at last they sighted a rescue 'plane the boys trod all over the two sick, bedded-down members of the crew in their excitement—and the invalids didn't mind it.

Then supplies were dropped by parachute—and the crew had the terrible shock of seeing the 'chutes sail out of sight and reach into the crevasses.

Only an Arctic oilstove and clothing dropped without parachute were recovered. And the stove wouldn't burn leaded petrol, the only kind they had.

The radio receiver couldn't be fixed. When a whirling snowstorm blotted out sky and icescape and day succeeded day, the crew didn't know that two dog-teams from the rescue base had failed to get through.

Little they guessed that months of intense cold were to be faced before the last living man left the ice-cap.

Rescue seemed imminent when a seaplane dropped a note asking about landing conditions.

"Tough!" said the Fortress skipper. "We knew the risks and told them not to try it."

For all that, the 'plane landed, using its floats as skis. It was the first touchdown ever made on the ice-cap.

The pilot made a take-off, too, with two walking casualties from the crew—and went to get medical help.

He reached his base, returned, took off again with two more of the Fortress boys. They were all killed, crashing into a mountain in the Greenland fog.

In sight of the remaining seven in the Fortress, a motor-sled from the rescue station disappeared into an abyss, lost for ever.

FIVE MONTHS ON ICE!

It seemed a miracle that a second sled, driven by a young sergeant named Tetley, reached the bomber.

Then the storm-curtains of the North swept down and the Fortress boys knew that the swirling fog and snow had penned them in.

They built themselves a house inside the bomber with blocks of hardened snow. Linking themselves with ropes, they mountaineered into the ice ravines to retrieve some of the lost parachute bales.

Risky, yes, but better than hunger!

Hardly had they returned than the malicious weather cleared and a ferry 'plane swooped over them and dropped supplies.

By now O'Hara's feet were so bad that Tetley decided to make a run for it.

Spencer went ahead on snowshoes to test for crevasses. O'Hara was made comfortable in the sled in his sleeping-bag, and Tetley drove it.

The young assistant engineer from the 'plane followed behind.

Two miles on, a slight rise stopped the sled and the engineer came alongside to help push.

Suddenly he slipped, clutched at O'Hara—and disappeared.

They ran the sled off the crumbling crust in the nick of time.

They went on—and the motor of the sled packed up. Down came the snow.

They built themselves an igloo. An aeroplane dropped supplies. For sixty days they stayed there. At long last a 'plane got them out alive.

In the unutterable cold the metal hull of the 'plane froze fast in the ice. Men had to clamber out on the floats and wings, rocking her from side to side to get her off.

Meanwhile, within the crashed bomber the others survived. Thirty-four times, between storms and freezing fogs, a transport 'plane dropped them food, equipment and medical supplies.

Somehow, for 129 days, they lived it through.

Then, when they had been there five months, a motor-sled got safely through—and brought them back.

I do not know how they felt. They themselves couldn't say. There are some things for which we puny men haven't words.

They Even Say It Flies!

I WAS never one for getting up early and I was always one for going to bed late. The wise man, we are told, is always good at the one and poor at the other. Which is, perhaps, why I've grown up as silly as I look.

I sometimes tried to get up early, and once or twice I actually wanted to get up early. But somehow or other it never came off. At the other end, people who went to bed before midnight seemed to me to be under-developed.

Now, however, it's all different. I am often up at half-past five in the morning. And I'm nearly always in bed by ten.

If you don't believe me, ask the clock. I take it that if you haven't much faith in what I tell you you'll believe the clock.

I do.

Even though I know it's playing a game called Double British Summer Time!

★ ★ ★

Even though I know it's only ten o'clock, if the old clock says it's twelve I dutifully nod and say "Yes, sir," and toddle off to shut-eye. The clock can kid me every time.

And not only me.

It's hard to believe when you think it out. If we all want to go to bed at ten o'clock to save fuel, or get up at six o'clock to save daylight—well, why not do it? Why get the clock to tell us a pack of lies? The daftest side of a daft business is that we put the clock up to telling us the lies!

★ ★ ★

A dandelion isn't such a chump as a full-grown mighty human being. It's no good trying to persuade a dandelion that it's time to get up two hours before it's time to get up. The dandelion doesn't say "Yes, sir," like a man replying to a clock. It says "You're telling me!" and keeps its eye closed.

You don't shove time on an hour by shoving the clock on an hour. If that kind of thing worked, why stop at an hour? Why not a month? Why not a year?

Why not shove the whole thing on to Armistice Day and be done with it? And, since you can juggle the thing back as well as on, why not shove the clock back to the day before Hitler was born?

So, although a clock can kid a man, a man can't kid a dandelion.

It makes you think.

Or at any rate it makes you wish you could.

A. G.

MORE AND BETTER SHIPS ARE WANTED

ON one wall of a long, bright room in a London building hangs a small card: "Sail on, O Ship of State."

The room is a highly important place: hub of the Ministry of War Transport. Around it are grouped 10,000 men and women working day and night welding the different methods of war transport into one single weapon.

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

In the City, business men, bankers and others, analysing our chances after the war, have come to the conclusion that there will be another cycle of booms and slumps.

And a few dismal jimmies predict not cycles of prosperity and ill-trade, but just plain post-war poverty.

Again, the more knowledgeable claim that Britain must sell, but who will buy? Gone is much of British pre-war overseas wealth, and a mass of her merchant shipping.

Therefore, to feed our factories in the post-war years with all the raw materials they require we shall be able to pay for our vital imports only by a vast increase of goods we ship abroad. And that means more ships.

They've got to be better ships this time than they were after our last "victory."

Without first-class merchant ships we can never hope to capture new markets and recapture vitally valuable markets we lost before this war to Axis countries!

First-class ships manned by seamen who are treated as human beings, not as totally necessary evils.

When victory is ours, Britain will need a competent Ministry of Shipping, presided over by shipping men under the chairmanship of a man who knows the full value of satisfied seamanship . . . in that way ONLY will the British ship of state sail on!

"Forum" suggests the man for the job; the man who almost daily regards that small card hanging on one wall of a long, bright room in a big London building.

Lord Leathers.

SELFISHNESS AND SELF-PITY

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

The jealous woman puts her own security above everything

WE can understand people being unhappy when their troubles are forced upon them by unemployment, prolonged illness, money difficulties, or homelessness. It is more difficult to excuse them when unhappiness is self-created.

I wonder what a lot of your readers would give to enjoy the following day-to-day living? asks a man. A semi-detached house in a pleasant neighbourhood; a steady £4 a week plus extras; a couple of nice children; a husband whose first consideration is home.

There are no war worries of any kind beyond the household problems which are shared by everybody.

Husband and wife each have one night out a week, without restrictions, and they take the children out to tea and pictures every Saturday.

"They ought to be happy," I can hear you saying, but the husband's night out is the problem. He goes to the pictures at 5 p.m., the "local" at 8 p.m., and gets home by 9.30.

Naughty husband, leaving your wife all this long time! While he has been away he might have been talking to that blonde hussy who often drops in the "local"!

That's my trouble—a jealous wife. How can I cure her without hurting the children? If it were not for them I should not need your advice. I'd know what to do.

Jealousy is a strange compound made up of fear, a sense of inferiority, and a primitive possessive instinct; but not love.

Faith is Needed

"That man belongs to me," runs the argument, "and I'll keep him on a lead. He is my property; I hold the monopoly. But he may want to escape and I won't let him! Even if he doesn't want to get away some other woman may steal him or entice him from me."

That sort of thinking is a clear indication that the wife does not trust the man out of her sight. She torments herself perpetually. If he is five minutes late in getting home she imagines all sorts of wild "goings on."

Some people argue that true love is bound to contain a certain amount of jealousy, and provided it does not become a mania it does little harm. But others argue that the presence of jealousy proves that the so-called "love" is no love at all—merely a feeling of ownership.

The jealous woman thinks of her own security above everything else in the world. The fact that her husband is chained up does not influence her in the least.

It is a very self-centred love—if it is love of any sort.

How can the man cure her? He can't. She will have to cure herself. But he can help her by saying: "I want more freedom; I want a night out with my friends occasionally; but I give you my word of honour that I will never be unfaithful."

Keeper of the Flame

Backed by such a promise, she ought to exorcise the green-eyed demon from her mind and heart.

There can be no success in marriage without mutual confidence.

A short time ago I printed a letter from a girl whose *fiancé* had been killed, and a number of other readers who'd gone through the same sad experience wrote letters confirming the advice I had given. Here is one of many:

I agree most fervently with you when you say work is the best anodyne for sorrow caused by bereavement.

My own husband was killed on active service. The blow was cruel. Life seemed to end for me.

We had been very happy in our three years of marriage, and our first baby was due in four months' time.

But I was determined, after the first paroxysm of grief was spent, to carry on as my husband would have desired. I fought a hard battle against grief, despair and physical illness. It was a long pull, but fortified by a strength beyond my own I carried on, and the boy was born last August.

I am always busy and allow myself little time to brood. When things get too bad I force myself to recall with gratitude all the happiness we had shared.

I would in all earnestness counsel your writer against self-pity. In these days the world writhes in agony, and our personal grief is but a sigh in a tumult of sorrow. Our men who fought and died so gallantly have handed on a torch. It is our duty to keep it burning.

Twin Diseases

I hope that letter from a young war widow will inspire others who are passing through the shadow.

The warning against self-pity is very necessary. I wonder how many readers listened to a broadcast postscript by Mr. G. V. Keeling not long ago? It was a story of a courageous struggle against what seemed to be overwhelming odds and it ended with these words:

"Out of the feelings of insecurity arise the twin diseases of selfishness and self-pity. You won't find these diseases in a medical textbook. So don't look for the remedy outside yourself. There is only one place to look—inside yourself. You must, and you can, be your own physician."

That talk attracted attention in all the papers next morning, and was reprinted in the *Listener* on April 20. But one sentence I remember hearing seems to have been cut out of the published text: "Self-pity is a worse disease than T.B."

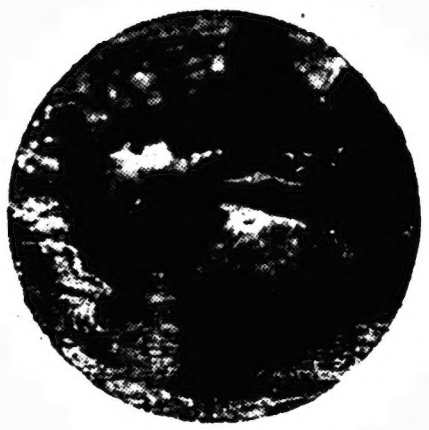
Did Mr. Keeling say that? Or did I dream it? Readers may be able to remember. In any case, it needs to be said again and again.

"Do stop feeling so sorry for yourself," I advised a reader some time ago. I got a nasty letter back. But a couple of months later he wrote again:

I apologise for my last letter. You got me on the raw. But you made me think and I know you were right. I was indulging in a perfect orgy of self-pity, but thank heaven I've stopped it. You hurt me and I am duly grateful.

Voice of the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2



Four Italian pigeons have joined the Gunners!

PIGEONS are the pets of some R.A. men serving in Italy. Sgt. B. Green writes to a friend at South Kirkby, Yorkshire:

We have our grouses, but we also have our brighter moments. One of our chaps recently brought in some pigeons, and now they accompany us everywhere like members of the family.

They are tough and stand up to everything; bombs, shells and trouble of all kinds.

This is not the ideal setting for courting couples, but now both pairs of pigeons have mated up, and we have two nests on our gun position. There are two eggs in each nest, and our hopes run high!

We expect the youngsters to hatch out any time now. They should be bomb-happy as soon as they are born.

Wild Worships

Dancing dervishes at a temple in the East impressed Sgt. R. Broaches, R.A.M.C., who writes to his mother at Tower Road, Warmley, Bristol:

Now, about the dervishes! They are an unusual Moslem sect and they worship by means of odd dances—only men, of course, as women play no part in the public life of the Moslem world.

The service was held in a long narrow building. On three sides were the worshippers facing inwards, squatting Eastern fashion, while we sat on little stools, making the fourth side.

They began chanting slowly in a weird monotone, moving their bodies to the rhythm. Gradually the chant quickened in tempo, and the worshippers began to bounce up and down and from side to side, crying out: "Allah! Allah! Allah!"

Drums and cymbals added to the din, and I saw one man trying to tie himself in knots. Now there was wild dancing, and the chanting gave way to cries, sobs and hysterical laughter. Watching the whirling dancers made one feel giddy.

The drums banged, the cymbals clashed, and gradually the dance reached its climax. There was a terrific shout to Allah, and the service ended.

Annie's Charms

Troops overseas are eager for books, and the most unlikely ones sometimes prove popular. Sgt. W. Green, R.A., serving in Italy, writes to his wife at Ecclesall Avenue, Litherland, Liverpool:

Remember the last lot of books you sent? When I saw that one of them was by Annie S. Swan, I wasn't too pleased about it, as I am not keen on love stories by women authors; however, I read it with the others, but "Annie" is not my cup of tea, thank you.

However, I got the surprise of my life when the books began to circulate among the boys, and the Annie S. Swan book became an easy favourite and is still in great demand. Which all goes to show—something or other.

I suppose it means that the lads out here have their weak moments. But Annie S. Swan, I ask you!

We listen when we can to wireless news about the campaign in Italy, but I think that the best comment came the other day from one of our sergeants, who put it in a nutshell:

"It's just a matter of going down one . . . hill, and climbing up the next!"

Hair-Raising

A haircut and shave in India may prove a painful operation, according to L.A.C. E. C. Wood, R.A.F., who writes to his father at Blake Avenue, Barking, Essex:

Do you still see Bill Hodges the barber? If so, give him my kind regards. I was thinking of him this evening while having my hair cut.

Barbers out here have a strange habit of almost breaking your neck after cutting the hair. They suddenly take hold of your head and give it a wrench round, which makes your neck click as if it had been dislocated; then they wrench it the other way, causing another click that makes you think that something has been broken.

Now they bend you over, and bang you up and down the spine. Then they pull your fingers one at a time until they click, and you think they have been pulled off.

It sounds a bit drastic, and for a time you feel shattered, but later you begin to feel fine

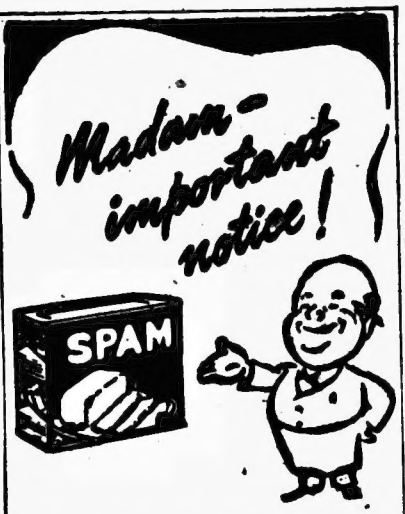
At ——, the local men don't shave; they pull the hairs out with tweezers! A painful business, and not my idea of dealing with a bearded chin.

THAT MAGNETIC LASTING *Charm*

A few alluring touches of Poudre Tokalon, the exquisite face powder made with the exclusive "mousse of cream" formula, impart alluring, girlish beauty of fascinating loveliness.

Stays on all day. Full range of glamorous shades.

POUDRE **Tokalon**



"SPAM"—is the registered trademark distinguishing the product manufactured exclusively by Geo. A. Hormel & Co. "Spam" is made of pure pork shoulder meat with ham meat added. "Spam" is sold ONLY in 12 oz. tins plainly marked with the trademark "Spam." We are sorry that during the war, supplies of "Spam" are restricted.

"SPAM"

★ "Spam" is a registered trademark

John White says:—

'My famous Footwear goes to equip our armed forces . . . a very restricted supply only is available for civilian wear.'

Ask for them by name

John White
Impregnable
FOOTWEAR
JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*) LTD.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

LAST LAUGH

F. E. (Sheffield).—"The lights failed at a conference held at German General Headquarters." At first it was thought that the Fuehrer had fused.

R. T. (Sutton).—"After a heavy-weight contest in America, both boxers were taken to hospital, where later one said he was fairly beaten by a better man." The other woke quite clear-headed, with no signs of delirium.

E. M. (Ashford).—"A well-known bookmaker has a wooden leg." He always stumps up.

F. N. (Norwich).—"A German *prima donna* has reduced her weight by three stone." She is now known as the phantom of the opera.

B. L. (Barnet).—"At a recent heavy-weight contest one boxer was knocked out, but remained on his feet." His opponent apparently forgot to let go.

T. L. (Tring).—"Because I had left the hall lamp burning and the front door open in the black-out my landlady told me to get out." And never lighten her door again?

T. R. (Taunton).—"Americans are inveterate scribblers at odd moments." Yankees doodle.

E. M. (Rochester).—"Vesuvius may be quiet for years or may erupt again to-morrow." But to all intents and purposes Mussolini is already extinct.

G. L. (Hammersmith).—"I send my wife to a classical concert every week. It is a form of escapism." Well, you said it.

G. L. (Luton).—"When a man cannot look you straight in the face, he is dishonest." Oh, we wouldn't say that. A lot depends on the face.

F. K. (Falmouth).—"I wonder why my baby son keeps attempting to bite his toes." It may be Nature is preparing the little man for a political career when every time he opens his mouth he will put his foot in it.

H. L. (Highgate).—"Cosmetics are now in short supply." Many women have to register surprise with their own eyebrows instead of hurriedly painting on another pair.

G. K. (Loughton).—"Advertising site proprietors are said to be good money savers." Which accounts for their hoardings?

MRS. F. T. (Leeds).—"The crowd never gave me a chance to get a seat on the 'bus." They just left you standing!

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"No, I ain't h'exactly in the regler Army, in this war, mate. I'm a prefabricated soldier, h'as h'it were!"

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"When interviewed by Detective H—— J—— he was wearing a lieutenant-colonel's badges and said he SIGHED as a baronet 'for a joke.'"

HANTS AND SUSSEX NEWS:—". . . said he had formed the opinion that the prisoner was of LAW intelligence but not certifiable."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . fixed up on footpath as firemen directed HORSES on still smouldering rubble."

MIDLANDS DAILY TRIBUNE:—". . . able to walk the mile distance to Newark station carrying their own LANGUAGE."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . it is claimed that all the smoke, soot and CRIME in the air of London, Manchester and the big industrial towns of. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "It couldn't happen to us!" When we read of some domestic tragedy in our newspaper, we let it slide from our minds with that comforting thought.

Remember that bad luck can reduce the most thrifty people to a condition of real want within a few shattering weeks.

And by "want" we mean the hardship that is so often brought home to this office by the many letters we receive—when we learn that people have to choose between paying the rent and selling their remaining sticks of furniture, between having the children's shoes mended and a good, hot Sunday dinner. Yes, a good, hot Sunday dinner can still be enjoyed if you have enough money on Saturday to cover the meat ration.

So many of our readers cannot afford enough food—points are no problem when you cannot pay for a tin of salmon.

We ask your help for these unfortunate people whose families have been broken up by the war.

There are many cases on our books waiting for your donations. Anything that you can spare will be fairly shared out by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund, as we pay all administrative costs ourselves and your money goes to the people whom we know are in need of help.

The address is JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London W.C.2. We are pleased to receive anonymous gifts, but will gladly acknowledge others, and will forward a copy of the current week's subscriptions on request.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

£100 Plus Radio—"BULLETS" 1,424

Cpl. R. A. Sealey, 33, Argyle Square, Stockton Rd., Sunderland, for this "Bullet":

IN BRITAIN TO-DAY
CONFIDENCE "THAT GERMANY'S LOST."

£10: C. R. Reynard, 7, Barnet Lane, Barnet, Herts.
In Britain To-day—Grimly Awaiting "Armada's" *Departure.*

£5: L/Cpl. Ireland, W., Somewhere in Britain.
Breath Of Fresh Air—Mothers Get—Through Guessing!

£4: A. Broadbent, 66, Main St., Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough.
Letter From Sonny—"Blackleaf" Making *Everything* "Shine."

£3: W. S. S. Roberts, 1, Lancrease, Bude, Cornwall.
If I Were Winston—Allies Leading In Soup!

£2: E. Stinchcombe, 10y Wembley, Gardners Lane, Neath.
Man With Nose—Give Work—"Give Play"!

FINAL £200 PRIZE NEXT PAGE

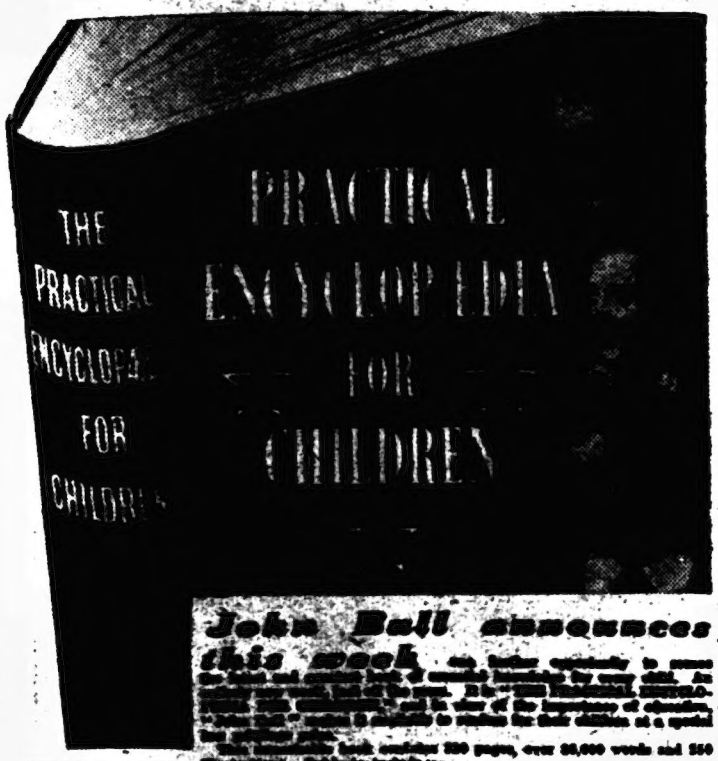
6 Prizes of 30s.:
W. Edwards, 4, Albert Place, Dresden, Stoke-on-Trent.
If I Were Winston—Wife Satisfied. Not Britannia!
S. S. Parfitt, 49, Allen St., Mountain Ash, Glam.
Breath Of Fresh Air—*Missed*, Tackling Homework "Mountain."
A. Race, 46, Southey Cres., Sheffield.
Man With Nose—For Improving Canoes-built, Grandad!
Mrs. Scaife, The Row, Hunton, Bedale, Yorks.
With A Mighty Push—She Soars, "Ladies First!"
Mrs. E. M. Smith, 17, Talbot Ville Rd., Liverpool.
Letter From Sonny—Very Cheery—Very Chary.
M. A. Wood, 149, Redcar Lane, Redcar, Yorks.
Not Taxed Yet—Cuddling, Unless In Cinema!
A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 200 PRIZES
WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 166

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order J—C—D—B entered by following 9 competitors, who thus share £75: W. Camp, North Mundham, Chichester; Miss M. G. Chaplin, 2, Guernsey Road, Norwich; E. E. Fletcher, Great Fencote, Nr. Northallerton; A. Haines, 12, Cumcam, Glyncorrwg, Glam.; R. J. Pope, 7, Humber St., Liverpool; Sgm. S. J. L. Rhodes, Somewhere-in-Britain; W. T. Roberts, Gwynfryn, St. Meugan, Banburr, Mrs. M. M. H. Rumbe, Middleton Cheney, Banbury, Mrs. M. Scott, Shamva, Springfield Crescent, Seaham.
Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 36 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above—2nd Runners-up Awards for 172 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

John Bull readers! Get this ★LATEST AND GREATEST BOOK★ OF KNOWLEDGE for the children



John Bull announces this week ... [illegible] ... of knowledge by every child. An ... [illegible] ... of the times. It ... [illegible] ... of the importance of education, ... [illegible] ... to enable for their children at a special ... [illegible] ... book contains 320 pages, over 86,000 words and 250 illustrations, including [illegible]:—

Rules of Exploration—The World We Live In—The World and Its Products—The World and its People—The Story of Geology — What Makes the Weather—The Story of the Stars—The History of Our Land—The Growth of the British Empire.

Another feature is Practical Handiwork for Boys. Among these are: Leather Stamping by Pressure; Leather Stamping by Hammering; Making Stencil Plates; Making Stencil Cards by Cutting a Stencil Sheet, etc., etc.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISES bound in this Book provide Quiz Leathercraft, with Hints addressed to Real Quiz on Quiz. Send only 6d. or 6d., which includes cost, p&p., ins., etc.

DE LUXE EDITION bound in Real Leather Grain Leathercraft, with Gilt embossed to Real Gilt on Quiz. Send only 6s. 6d., which includes cost, p&p., ins., etc.

320 PAGES
86,000 WORDS
250 DRAWINGS DIAGRAMS MAPS & PHOTOGRAPHS

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in Order-Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal Order for correct amount to: Odhams Press Ltd., "The Practical Encyclopedia for Children," Book Dept., J.M.2, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on Label.

BOOK WITH CARE — Carriage Paid Home

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

If undelivered return to Odhams Press Ltd., Book Dept., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION 5/6
DE LUXE EDITION 6/6
Strike out Edition NOT required.
J.N.2 20/5/'44
C.S.P.E.

"THE GRAND SERVICE"

Ealing.
Dear Sirs, Feb. 29th, 1944.

I am writing these few lines to try and convey to you my appreciation and thanks for the grand service that your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets did for me.

For some time I had been subject to indigestion, which was a terrible handicap to me, as I am training for air crew with the R.A.F.

After taking a very short course of your Yeast-Vite tablets I received a relief which was indeed marvellous, and I am glad to be able to say that I am now fit and able to fulfil my duties without any discomfort whatsoever. I will always recommend Yeast-Vite tablets to anyone who should complain of indigestion.

If you wish to, you may publish this testimony, as I should like other people to realise what a blessing Yeast-Vite is.

(Sgd.) A.J.W.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 and 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

After a few applications . .

Germolene ASEPTIC OINTMENT

checked his SKIN TROUBLE

Skin sufferers! if you need introducing to a treatment which has proved wonderfully successful—read this! "My brother unfortunately contracted skin trouble. He had treatment for seven weeks but the trouble got worse, the entire arm being red and inflamed. Then I thought of GERMOLENE, and with 6 day's treatment NOTHING COULD BE SEEN EXCEPT A SCAR OR TWO. Now, within ten days, GERMOLENE HAS CLEARED IT." *Miss W.M.B., N.W.1.* Get a tin of Germolene now! 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

GET GERMOLENE TODAY

For ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, PIMPLES, CUTS, BURNS, COLD SORES, BLISTERS, INFLAMMATION and CHAFING of the SKIN, etc.

Readily taken

It is never any trouble to get them to take *Lixen*. This gentle, pleasant-tasting corrective is non-griping and so mild that it is just as suitable for Kiddies as for grown-ups. Made from senna pods *Lixen* is completely safe and non-habit-forming.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11.
LIXEN LOZENGES, fruit flavoured, in bottles 1/3.
Purchase Tax included.

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

LIXEN THE GOOD-NATURED **Laxative**

1.472 H

False Teeth

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly.* Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

AND YET AGAIN

GRAND BULLETS PRIZE for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

£200 ONE WEEK ONLY!

FIRST CASH £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 of 10/- 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

FINAL £200 OPPORTUNITY—BE QUICK!

WHAT do the words "Storm Over Europe" bring to your mind? What are your views on the subject of War-time Marriages?

The topics we quote are just some raised by the *Examples* for this week's final *Bullets* £200 Offer—whip out your pencil *now* and jot down the thoughts they suggest.

Within five minutes, following the simple directions given, you will have your first *Bullets* ready for your £200 coupon below—it must be posted by TUESDAY, May 30.

The postman calls on over 1,000 readers every week and delivers a *Bullets* prize. He will soon be calling with this week's many cheques and other awards, including this last £200 prize of *John Bull's* big May Campaign. Why shouldn't he bring that £200 to *you*?

HOW TO WIN £200

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

For instance, a woman reader who had never before made a *Bullet* selected from a recent list the *Example*, OUR CHILDREN. Upon that *Example* she built her First Prize *Bullet*, OUR CHILDREN — WAITING — OPEN "DOOR," BUTLER!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

STORM OVER EUROPE
FREE MAN
THE CROOKED CROSS
LED TO THE SLAUGHTER
WHEN HITLER GOES
ON THE BEACHES
WHAT'S WRONG
OUR BIT
STRAW IN THE WIND
HOW, WHEN AND WHERE
INVASION JITTERS
COSTS US MORE
IT'S MURDER, BUT
FATHER'S BOOKIE
CAME UNSTUCK
WAR-TIME BRIDE

DREAMING DREAMS
FILLED TO OVERFLOWING
THE GROCER SMILED AND
WHERE THE BOMB DROPPED

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WAR IN THE .....
MORE THAN.....
ALMOST A.....
THING TO .....
TO ..... HIM
SEEMS LIKE .....

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces fulfil rule if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated June 10. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,428

EXTRA DAY TO POST ENTRY—TUESDAY, MAY 30

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,428—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

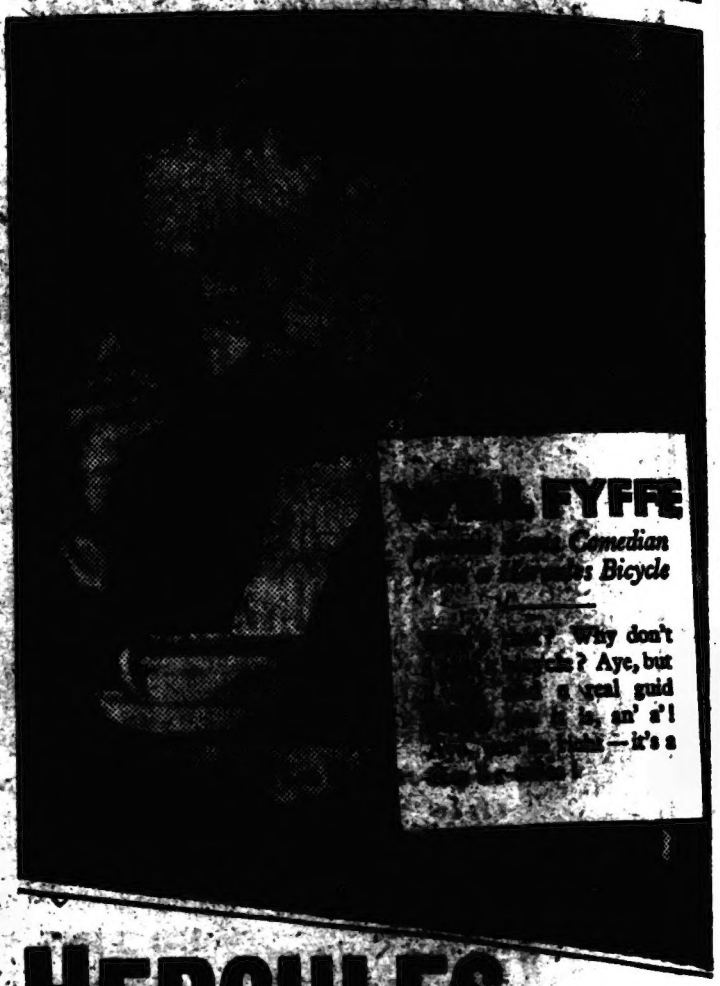
MAZO SAVES SOAP!

...AND WHITENS LINENS—
BRIGHTENS COLOURS—REMOVES STAINS

MZ 98-9 SELLING AGENTS: JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

For a clean Healthy system
INNER CLEANLINESS comes first

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your
ANDREWS
Family size tin 3/-
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.



HERCULES CYCLES
THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD. • Aston • Birmingham

★ BILLIONS OF BRISTLES MASTERED EACH MORNING
by the SOFTENING, SMOOTHING, SOOTHING lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream
1/6 & 2/6 including Tax

★ WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

Ah! THAT'S Stopped my
HEADACHE!

Well! I'll never be without Beecham's Powders in future . . . they certainly are quick-acting and reliable in results. The Pain has entirely gone already and I feel full of energy again! And you say they are also good for Colds and Chills, Neuralgia, Nerve and Rheumatic Pains? As a general pick-me-up they are grand! No wonder they are so popular!

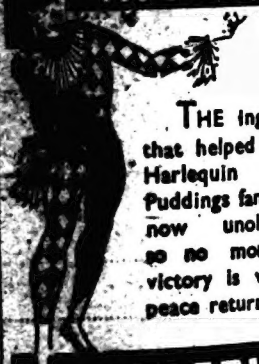
Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 6 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

DUTY FREE
TO
PRISONERS OF WAR 200 for 5/-
H.M. NAVY (SERVING SHIPS IN COMMISSION) 200 for 5/6
H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS 200 for 5/6

Three Threes
CIGARETTES
STATE EXPRESS 333
Apply for full particulars and order from your tobacconist or from—
THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS
Dept. 69,
210 PICCADILLY
LONDON, W.1

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL



THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

GOSH—IT'S GOOD

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Published for transmission by Canadian Magazine Pub. Association of Australia & New Zealand Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: United News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newspapers Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., Ltd., Times Bldg., New York, U.S.A.